

Children's Newspaper

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 109

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

## £200 OFFER TO NATURE LOVERS

### DROPPING OVER FOUR MILES

#### A DARING JUMP

Going to Sleep During a Fall

#### THE FIRST PARACHUTE DESCENT

A new air record has just been scored in America by a wonderful parachute descent of four and a half miles.

Lieutenant Arthur Hamilton of the United States Air Service was flying at a height of 24,400 feet when he jumped with his parachute. Such a leap might well have appalled even a daring and brave man, but Lieutenant Hamilton jumped without the slightest hesitation.

The parachute, which was a very large one, opened perfectly, and such a resistance to the air did it present that instead of falling almost perpendicularly the airman began to drift slantingly, and when he finally came to earth it was at a spot eight miles away from the place over which he had left the aeroplane.

He was nearly frozen during the descent, so intense was the cold and so prolonged the drop; and part of the time he was actually asleep while falling. Fortunately he landed safely, establishing his remarkable record.

#### Five Men Jump from One Machine

A short time before another parachute record was made in America. Five men jumped from one machine at a height of two thousand feet, or nearly half a mile above the ground. Each man carried two parachutes, one of which he opened before he jumped, and the other during his descent. All landed safely.

Parachuting from the air began almost as soon as ballooning. The very first descent of this kind was made on October 22, 1797, in France, during the Revolution, when Citizen Garnerin ascended in a balloon from the Park of Monceau, at Paris, in the presence of an awestruck and silent crowd, who feared he would meet with an untimely end.

When he had reached the height of two thousand feet he cut the cord that connected his parachute with the car of the balloon. The balloon exploded, and Garnerin began to descend rapidly.

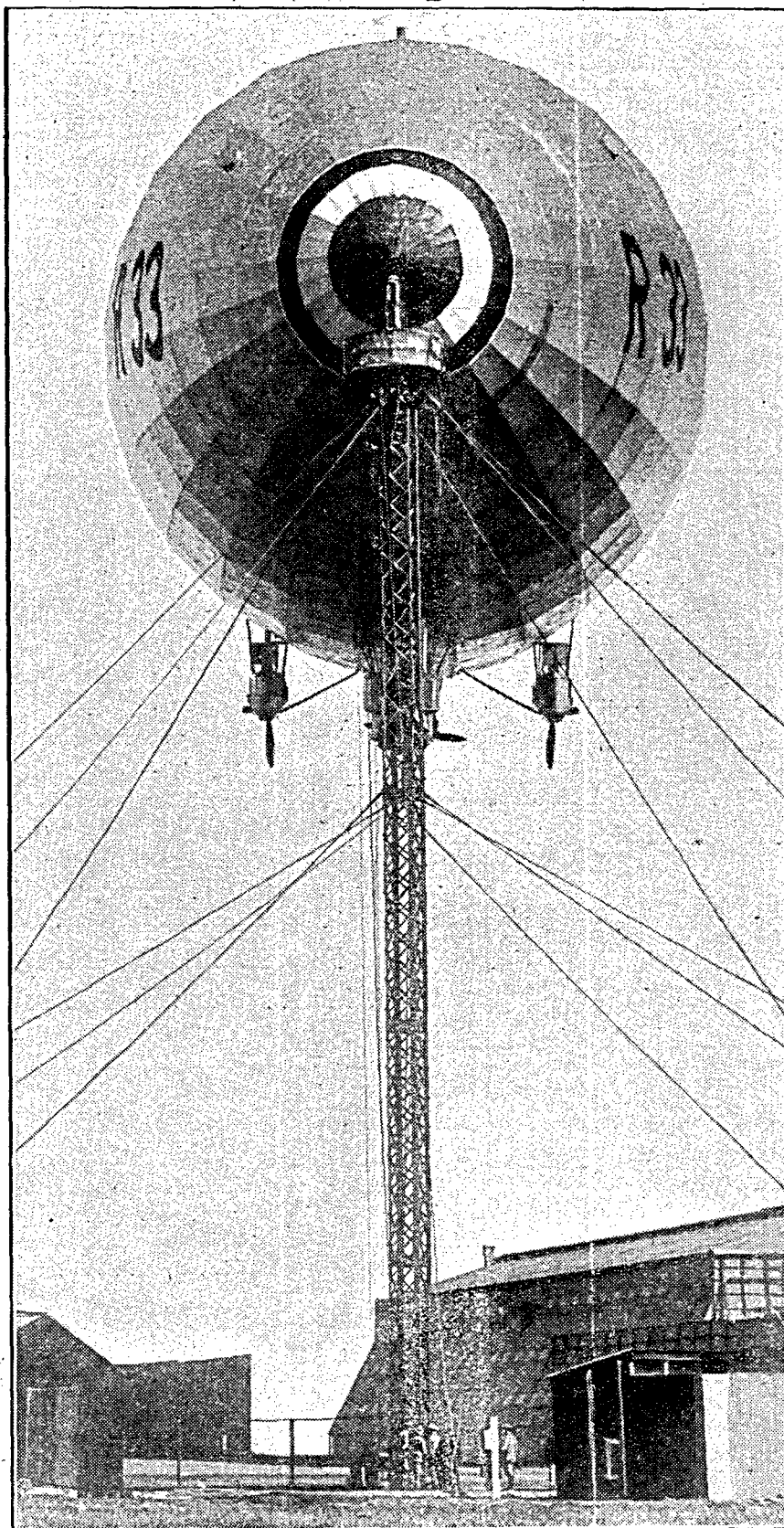
#### Crowd That Grew Nervous

About midway he made a great lurch in air, and the watching crowd thought the end had come, and gave a cry of fear, many women fainting.

But after being blown some distance away the aeronaut landed safely, and, at once mounting a horse, galloped back to the park, where he received a great ovation. Then he proceeded to the National Institute, where a body of famous scientists was then in session, and gave an account of his experiences. Certainly he must have been a very cool young man.

Garnerin's parachute was much like those used today. He had conceived

### A Giant Airship at Anchor



The great British airship R 33 anchored at the head of its mooring mast, a hundred feet high, at Pulham Aerodrome. By means of these mooring masts an airship can come to rest even in the fiercest wind. See page 5

the idea while a prisoner in Buda-Pesth, and carried out his plan at the first opportunity with complete success.

Seven years later a descent was made at Vienna with a double parachute, and from that time to this thousands of airmen have jumped or dropped from balloons and aeroplanes in the same

way, such descents being singularly free from accidents. Parachute is a curious word made up of a Latin word meaning prepare and a French word meaning a fall. In his famous poem The Princess, Tennyson refers to the apparatus, speaking of a fire balloon that "dropped a fairy parachute." Picture on page 12

### CAPTOR OF 450 ELEPHANTS

#### THE HUNTER OF THE ADDO BUSH

Changes that have Come About  
in Twenty Thousand Years

#### DISAPPEARING IVORIES

By Our South African Correspondent

Major Pretorius must be the most famous elephant hunter in the world. His bag now totals 450.

During his expeditions he has gained a tremendous knowledge of these huge animals, and he claims to have discovered some new facts concerning them.

Scientists have generally believed that elephants have young once every seven years, but from his great experience in East and Central Africa and in the Addo Bush, Major Pretorius claims to be able to prove that the correct period is three years.

Near Port Elizabeth, in the Cape Colony, is the Addo Bush. Till two years ago the herd of elephants there numbered about 150, and the great beasts caused immense damage to the farmers in that district. They rooted up fences, and during the dry weather they would go to the dams, drink them nearly dry, and wallow in the little water remaining. Often they made the dam just a pool of mud.

#### Fortunate Fifty

Various remedies were tried, but none proved to be successful; and at length the Government looked into the matter and decided to exterminate the whole herd. Later, however, in the interest of science, they decided to allow fifty to remain, and Major Pretorius was appointed to reduce the herd. He has now done so.

Major Pretorius believes that the elephants of the Addo herd are descended from the same stock as the elephants in the Knysna forests, but that some 20,000 years have passed since the herds separated. In this time many changes in the habits of the creatures have no doubt taken place.

#### Elephants Without Tusks

In East Africa an elephant usually stands about 12 feet at the shoulders; in the Addo Bush the elephants rarely reach more than 10 feet. Major Pretorius connects these differences with the fact that, whereas the East African forest is fairly open, the Addo Bush seldom exceeds 10 feet high, and the Addo Bush elephants have adapted themselves to circumstances.

Another interesting point is that few of the Addo elephants have tusks. Out of 78 shot by Major Pretorius only 15 had tusks. The major believes the percentage of tuskless elephants will continue to diminish till the ivories completely disappear; and he believes that this change is also due to adaptation to circumstances. In the Addo the vegetation is so soft that tusks are not needed.



## RESTLESSNESS OF EUROPE

### CONTINENT STILL IN A FERMENT

Lessons That Have Not Yet Been Learned

### COAL MINERS AND THE NATION

The one thing for which the civilised world waits is a real peace of countries, races, and classes, based on mutual confidence.

With a sad reluctance the confession must be made that peace is not here. Neither countries, nor groups of men within each country, trust one another, and so there is division and dangerous trouble, with here and there actual war.

Germany still continues to break the promises she made when she signed the Terms of Peace. Afresh she proves that the world's deep distrust of her as a faithless nation is justified.

She gives no sign of an honest attempt to keep her word and pay for her hideous misdeeds. That being so, how can she be trusted, or be regarded as anything but an enemy lying in wait? She does not seem to realise that if she does not pay the stricken countries, they themselves will have to make good the losses she inflicted on them.

### The Bad Old System

Central Europe has been disturbed by an uprising of the king-worshipping people who would like to see the Continent return to the war-breeding system that ruined the world.

Ex-emperor Karl has been in Hungary again to claim the crown, and Bavaria is credited with a strong hankering after a king of her own choosing, while the liberated Slav nations, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, with Rumania, stand at attention ready to crush the revival of a system of government in Hungary that would threaten many of their people with a new servitude.

All this shows that the real lessons of the war have not been learned by numbers of people in Central Europe.

### Hope in Russia

Meanwhile Greece, on her own account, under the ambitious leadership of King Constantine, is deliberately challenging Turkey afresh in Asia Minor, and risking all her hopes on the doubtful issue of a duel with her old oppressor, while the Great Powers stand by as observers who will have the most to say when the fighting is over.

The only nation that is in a somewhat more hopeful frame of mind is tormented Russia. The Bolshevik leaders have discovered at last that their system of slavery in the name of freedom, and robbery in the name of brotherhood, will not work. Human nature is against it.

The Russian peasant will not produce food that will be taken from him for nothing when he has had all the toil and risk of growing it. So Lenin is changing his plans somewhat, to make the national machine work, instead of letting it rust into ruin.

### An Appeal to Force

And what of Great Britain? Just when hope was beginning to revive, shrinking trade is suddenly made far worse by large masses of men persisting in seeing the business of the country not as a national whole, but as something that concerns only their own special occupation.

Even if the whole industry of the country is brought to a standstill and tens of millions suffer, the miners insist on having their own way.

They appeal to force, just as real though not as violent as war, and force never decides anything for long. In the end it is justice that reigns, and justice can best be reached by the avoidance of cruel force.

## MR. SPEAKER

### M.P. Whose Name Means Peace in Industry

### THE RIGHT WAY TO SETTLE DISPUTES

As soon as it became known that Mr. Lowther was resigning the Speakership of the House of Commons, it was proposed by the Government that the new Speaker should be the Right Hon. John Henry Whitley, who has won distinction outside as well as inside Parliament.

Every member of the House is well aware that no one knows its rules as well as he knows them; and there could not be a fairer or firmer ruler over its debates.

Mr. Whitley is a Yorkshireman, born in Halifax, and he has been the member for his native town for 21 years. Since 1911 he has been Deputy Speaker, and as a Chairman of the House, when it sits in committee, he has proved his skill and his strong sense of justice.

But, great as is Mr. Whitley's position in the House of Commons, outside the House his influence has been even greater and more beneficial, though his work has been done, and will be done, without noise or fuss or showy advertisement.

For he it was who presided over the planning of the Whitley Joint Industrial Councils that are helping over three million workpeople and their employers to settle disputes without quarrelling.

At these councils—and there are 70 of them—employers and employed meet around the same table, and talk together over the businesses in which they are engaged.

Dr. Macnamara, the Minister of Labour, has announced that 19 cases out of 20 is the proportion in which disputes are settled in a friendly way under the Whitley system.

When they are settled in this sensible manner the outside world knows little or nothing of them; but the good that is done in such a quiet way, and the evil that is prevented, are immense.

And that is why we say that Mr. Whitley is as distinguished, in reality, outside Parliament as he will be when he wears the Speaker's wig.

## TWO BATSMEN TALKED OUT

### The Tongue as an Aid in Cricket

Mr. Pelham Warner tells in his cricket memories how batsmen have been talked out. One of them was Frank Sugg, the Lancashire batsman, and it was O'Brien who talked him out.

Sugg was a fine hitter, and as he came in O'Brien said to him: "Sugg, they tell me you have lost your hitting." "Who says that?" replied Sugg. "Lost my hitting! I'll soon show you!" And jumping out to smite the first ball mightily, he was easily caught.

Another case was that of Parkin, and it was Warner himself who talked him out. Just before tea-time Parkin had hit two fine 4's.

When the game was resumed Warner said to Parkin as he left the pavilion: "You're another Jessop!" "Thank you, sir," said Parkin, and, swiping as hard as he could at the next ball, was clean bowled, which was exactly what Warner had intended.

## GOLD IN SCOTLAND

### Novel Ring for a Labour Leader's Wife

There are rumours of gold having been found recently in the Lowther Hills in Lanarkshire, but the quantity is too small for extensive working.

Still, there is gold in the land of the mountain and the flood, as was proved by the miners of the Leadhills presenting a ring, made of Scottish gold, to Mrs. Smillie, the wife of the Labour leader.

Occasional finds of small quantities re-awaken local interest, but the Scottish people are far too wide awake to have missed the chance of gold-mining if it had ever existed on a paying scale.

## A DEMON OF THE AIR

### Bird That Can Conquer a Horse

### INTERESTING ARRIVAL AT THE LONDON ZOO

The London Zoo has received a splendid new condor, the mightiest of the vulture tribe.

Condors are the largest of all flying birds. The new-comer's wings, when spread out, have a span of over ten feet, and these pinions are needed, seeing that the birds make their nests 16,000 ft. up in the Andes.

Needless to say, condors are birds of prey. It is said that two of them together can kill a puma, which alone can kill and eat a horse. The writer has no proof as to the puma-killing feats of condors, but it is a fact that they kill old horses on the South American plains, as well as deer, calves, lambs and dogs.

That fact enables us to establish some sort of comparison between condors and our eagles. If two condors can kill a puma, how many eagles should it take to kill a big Scottish mountain fox?

There was a battle to the death between a fox and eagles last year in the Cruchan mountains of Ross-shire. At first two eagles attacked the fox, a daring move against an animal of great strength and courage which will itself kill a failing stag. Against the two eagles the fox held his own, leaping and snapping at them with such ferocity as proved that he knew he was fighting for dear life. But he could not bite home, nor could the two master him.

When the contest had been going on for some time, a third eagle appeared and joined forces with the other two. The three-fold attack was too much for Reynard; he was killed and eaten.

Now the records go to prove that three condors would not have been necessary to accomplish the feat, so we must award the palm for strength and endurance, as well as for size, to the great American bird.

The new-comer is said to be almost grotesquely tame with its keeper, but an older condor resident at the Zoo has a murderous reputation.

In a state of nature condors do not as a rule attack men, but who would venture an experiment on their nests?

## FLAME THAT SINGS

### A Miner's Lamp that Gives a Warning

The Bunsen gas burner, which is used in every chemist's laboratory, can be regulated so that on singing a certain note the flame dips or nearly goes out.

The opposite effect to this has been made use of in a new lamp for miners, which warns them of the presence of explosive gases.

When a gas flame is enclosed in an open tube the flame will give out a piercing note if the gas is fed in in too large a quantity.

The miner's warning lamp is supplied with gas from a small reservoir, and the flame is so regulated that any additional supply of gas will cause it to sing. The result is that if a miner carries the lamp into a part of the mine where there is inflammable gas, the extra gas will cause the lamp to emit its warning note.

## HOMES OF THE BIRDS

### Some Strange Nesting-Places

A West Hartlepool reader sends us this list of nesting-places which he has seen:

A robin's nest in the neck of a pump.  
A robin's nest between the prongs of a hayfork leaning against a shed.

A sparrow's nest in a gate-post.  
A great tit's nest in the stone covering of a village well.

A song thrush's nest built on the top of a nest of a small bird.

## WAKING LIFE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

### Marvellous Ingenuity of Insects

### THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL NATURE LOVERS

With the coming of the warmer weather life in field and hedgerow is becoming increasingly active, particularly in the case of the insects.

Theirs is not an aimless existence; each has a mission in life to perform, and great is the ingenuity shown by insects in their daily round.

A most entertaining article, telling how the insects have mastered their world, illustrated by many fine pictures, is to be found in the issue of My Magazine—the Mother of the C.N.—for May.

Here are some of the other contents of this fine magazine.

### WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE MAP OF THE WORLD?

The Deathless Tale of Pathos and Tragedy that Lies Behind It

### SOME MARVELLOUS THINGS THE INSECTS DO

How They Have Mastered Their World

### JAPAN AT WORK AGAIN

A Series of Pictures Showing the Life of Our Allies in the East

### WHO IS THE GREATEST MAN?

THE POEMS OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Beautifully Illustrated in Colour

### MAN'S RECORD IN THE ROCKS

The Story of the Ages Written Beneath Our Feet

### ONE MAN'S WORK FOR US ALL

Linnaeus, the Man Who Named the Plants and Animals

### A LITTLE GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL SCULPTURES

Finely Printed in Photogravure

### THE ANIMALS AND THEIR FOOD

Ten Ways of Getting It

### TALES OF THE WORD FAMILY

### THE FIRE HUNTERS

A Thrilling Complete Story

This is by no means a complete list, for there are many other stories, articles, and verses, besides a large number of pictures, some printed in colour.

If you would enjoy many happy hours go to the nearest bookstall and ask for My Magazine for May, which is now on sale. See page 8

## THE COST OF PEACE

### Can Nicaragua Afford It?

Little Nicaragua, one of the Central American States, is thinking of withdrawing from the League of Nations because it says it cannot afford the cost of peace.

The cost of its share in the work of the League of Nations is about £12,000 a year, and Nicaragua owes its first year's bill.

But if Nicaragua went to war, as it has done before and is not unlikely to do again apart from the League of Nations, £12,000 a year would be like a mere drop in the bucket of the cost of war.

The truth is that some of the little nations are too small to be separate nations, and should act together as a group of confederated States, so gaining the advantages of belonging to the League of Nations and sharing the expense of meeting the larger nations in friendly conferences.

Nicaragua has a population less than some British provincial cities—less than Birmingham or Glasgow or Liverpool.

Everyone would be sorry if any State withdrew from the League. The true remedy for the difficulty is in friendly combinations of small States within the League. Cooperation is the way of peace.



## DEER START AN AVALANCHE

### Animals Slide Into a Lake

#### STRANGE SCENE ON A SCOTTISH HILLSIDE

The animal chapter of accidents covers events as unexpected as those to which human beings are exposed; but it would be difficult to find anything more startling than the fate of a herd of Scottish deer, swept to death from their native mountain-side.

The accident happened among the Western Cairngorm Hills, a rugged range, reaching up to 4000 feet and more, on the borders of Banffshire and Inverness-shire. Here, during the recent violent weather, a herd of 15 deer sought refuge high up near the forest of Gaick.

Unlike sheep, deer do not make and follow regular paths which become solid and hard; they roam at will, like horses and cattle. This herd took a line at a venture across the face of a mountain where snow and rocky debris lay.

The footing was insecure. Either the outskirts of the snowfield became detached and slid, or the broken foundation upon which it lay gave way beneath the feet of the incautious animals.

From whatever cause, the deer started an avalanche. Snow and rocks and rubbish, sliding in a broad sheet, began to slither down the mountain-side. Gathering force and speed as it went, it rushed down the hill-face with terrific violence, carrying with it the deer and everything else in its track.

#### A Dash to Ruin

With a roar and a crash it slid down fully 1500 feet to the bottom of a precipitous cliff on to a road, and beyond the road into the water known as Loch-an-Seilich, which lies some two miles from the point at which the deer were first seen sheltering.

Down with the avalanche came the helpless deer, and with them, involved in the general ruin, came a number of mountain hares and a fox. All were dashed to death in the water at the margin of the lake.

That is the sort of thing that one does not expect to happen to Highland deer, whose homes lie for the greater part of the year among the higher ranges of the hills that crown the forests where these splendid creatures live.

It is impossible to resist the belief that such a mishap would not have befallen the steady-going, track-following sheep. And chamois would not have been lost in such circumstances.

Their gigantic leaps, which carry them over 20-foot chasms and up and down the faces of precipices, would have borne them out of danger while the avalanche was at the beginning of its slide.

But deer have their limitations, we see, and when unexpected movements occur upon an insecure mountain-side they are helpless.

## MILKMAIDS AT SCHOOL

### Combining Work, Play, and Lessons

Out among the Chiltern Hills, Miss Isabel Fry, a daughter of the famous judge Sir Edward Fry, has started a farmhouse school where young milkmaids go a-maying, and so mix their work, play, and lessons that they do not know which is which.

Each scholar has her own animal to care for and her own practical open-air and indoor duties to perform—work as pleasant as fun and so invovled with teaching that nobody feels where one ends and the other begins.

Who would not like to begin school-life again if it brought such friendships as that pictured on page 12?

## GETTING READY FOR CRICKET



E. Hendren, Middlesex



J. B. Hobbs, Surrey



J. W. Hearne, Middlesex

England's Three Most Famous Batsmen



Cutting the splice



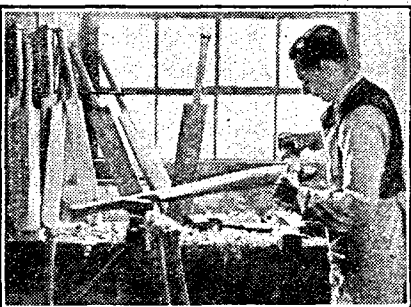
Pressing the blade



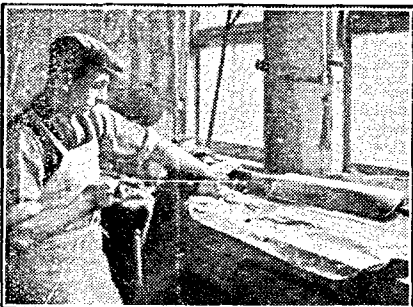
Fitting the handle



Turning the handle



Shaping the blade



Binding the handle



Winding hemp for the ball



Making the quilt of cork



Sewing the leather cover

All British boys are looking forward keenly to the cricket season which will be here in a week or so, and the bat and ball makers are busily engaged preparing to supply the demands of the schools and clubs

## THE PERIL OF X-RAYS

### MYSTERIOUS AGENTS OF LIFE AND DEATH

#### Three Kinds of Radio Waves

#### A NEW PROBLEM FOR SCIENCE

X-ray specialists from all over the world are now gathered at a conference in London to discuss the various problems connected with the use of these mysterious rays.

No more appropriate time could have been chosen, for just at present the whole medical world is shocked by the recent deaths of two of its most brilliant X-ray workers, Dr. Ironside Bruce of Charing Cross Hospital, London, and Dr. Adolphe Leroy of St. Antoine Hospital, Paris.

Dr. Bruce's work was referred to in last week's C.N.; and Dr. Leroy, who had been connected with the Paris hospital for a quarter of a century, added to his fame by the magnificent work he did for wounded soldiers during the war. He radiographed no fewer than 35,000 men, and was awarded the Legion of Honour for his work, but like Dr. Bruce he, too, died the other day a martyr to the mysterious rays.

#### Protecting the Operator

In view of the many recent deaths of radiographers, it is suggested that there should be a searching investigation into the whole question of the effect of X-rays on healthy blood and tissues, and the best means of protection for the operators. While the patient is exposed for only a short time, the operator working on a succession of patients is under the influence of the rays for many hours at a stretch, and it is the operators who suffer.

The fact is that in the X-rays man has tapped a power that he does not thoroughly understand and that he cannot properly control. At the present time, indeed, a great crisis has arisen in the science of radiography.

#### Soft and Hard Rays

X-rays and radium set up three different kinds of waves which are known to science by the names of the first three letters of the Greek alphabet—alpha, beta, and gamma.

The alpha and beta rays have a long wave-length and are spoken of as soft, which means that they have a low penetrating power and can be easily screened off by means of metal plates and rubber sheets. The gamma rays, on the other hand, have a short wave-length and are described as hard, which means that they penetrate deeply and are not easily screened off.

In the early days of X-ray treatment many operators suffered from burns and inflammation caused by the rays, which proved to be the soft, or alpha and beta, rays. While these soft rays are best for photographic purposes, the gamma rays put a stop to growth, and so are best for the treatment of cancer and similar complaints, which are really a kind of rebellious and irregular growth of cells and tissue.

#### The Most Dangerous Waves

The soft rays, it was found, could be shut off, and only the hard rays used for treatment, and all seemed well. Operators no longer suffered from burns and inflammation, and everywhere there was a demand for apparatus producing the harder rays.

Now, however, a catastrophe has occurred. It has just been found that the hard, or gamma, rays have a deadliness of their own, and are, in fact, a far greater danger than the soft rays. They affect disastrously the very elements of the blood in the body's laboratories, and bring the whole alchemy of life to a standstill.

An enormous problem is thereby raised, and the X-ray experts in London are busy discussing how this disconcerting set-back is to be met.



## A BEAUTY OF THE BRONZE AGE REMAINS FOUND IN A TREE TRUNK

Strange Discovery in the Land of the Vikings

### LADY'S COSTUME 3000 YEARS OLD

While visitors to London have been flocking to the British Museum to see the new additions to the great galleries where mummied royalties of ancient Egypt are again displayed, our friends in Denmark are busy with an old-time romance of their own ancient past.

For they have found, buried in a hollowed-out tree-trunk, the remains of a woman in the land of the Vikings 3000 years ago.

It is impossible to make the faintest guess at her identity, of course. All that the scientists who are investigating the matter can say is that she was a woman of distinction. That we know from the condition of her burial.

### Buckles and Bracelets of Bronze

Wrapped in the hide of a cow, she was confined in an oak-tree—the distinction of the few in the days in which she lived.

She was a lady of the Bronze Age. Part of her adornments comprise two belts with buckles of bronze and bracelets of the same metal. These suffice to indicate the period to which she belonged.

There were no stone implements about her associating her with the latest Stone Age, and there was nothing of iron, so obviously she was later than her New Stone Age forefathers, yet too early for the area in which men had begun to use the metal that caused the next period to be called the Iron Age.

### Little Box of Strings

Buried with the departed lady were her treasures. There was an earring with her; there was a little box containing strings—we know not yet for what purpose. Another box encloses charred bones—suggesting that one of her pets died, or was put to death, and its remains buried so that its spirit might accompany her into the spirit world to which her soul was supposed to be going.

That was the common practice in various ages at all pagan burials.

It is possible to trace her costume, for after all this time there survive the remains of her short-sleeved jacket and her petticoat; and the relics show that she had luxuriant brown hair.

For 3000 years this lady of unknown history has lain in her oak-tree coffin in a field near Egtved, in Jutland, Denmark, and has now been found, to kindle the wonder and wistful interest of the scientists of her native land.

### When London Was a Village

When she died all Western Europe was barbarous; in the East, Assyria was beginning to prevail against Egypt; Homer may not yet have been born; Greece had not attained to glory; Rome was a village, London the same, though a big village; Christianity was a thousand years from its dawn.

Mankind was intellectually and spiritually in its infancy when this fair lady of old Denmark laid her down to rest in her Jutland field. Today the light breaks in upon her sanctuary from a world through whose air men are flying and sending messages without wires from side to side of the earth, and despatching ships across the sea she knew by electricity of which she never knew, by oil of which she never heard, by steam which to her was a god.

## BATTLE IN THE AIR Golden Eagles Fight Over a Forest

When the Macdonnells and the Mackenzies ended their age-long battles in and about the forest of Glen Quoich, in Inverness-shire, not all battles there ceased. They left eagles and wild cats, and these carry on the old warring traditions.

There were wolves there formerly, but the last of the Glen Quoich breed is said to have perished in 1743, so the eagles mainly have it. And they fight like the Macdonnells and the Mackenzies.

The latest battle between two of these birds, golden eagles, the pride of all our birds of prey, has been to the bitter end.

They were seen engaged in a death grapple near the old fighting ground. Magnificent birds, they fought with characteristic fierceness, and the stronger or more skilful treated his adversary as unerring instinct taught him.

They fought with their beaks, gripping with their powerful talons, and the victor fastened his terrible grip on the throat of its antagonist, and did not release it till its foe was dead.

He paid dearly for his victory, for when a human watcher, seeing one bird fall back dead, intervened, the conqueror could barely flutter to safety.

## SANCTUARY FOR WILD LIFE

### How to Save the Birds from Extinction

It is good to learn that an unnamed lover of nature has given funds to complete the purchase of the famous Brent Valley sanctuary for birds.

The gift is to commemorate the memory of that finest of naturalists, Gilbert White.

A sum of £4500 has been given to make this home of the birds secure; but the Selborne Society rightly desires to add an adjoining 25 acres to make the retreat still more safe, and they hope to find further funds for this purpose.

Every garden and every estate ought to be a bird sanctuary. If we would only say, as Waterton, the traveller and naturalist, said, "No bird shall be shot, trapped or poisoned on my estate," we should greatly increase our population of rare and beautiful birds.

How these creatures find out the safe places and build there is one of the charming mysteries of natural history.

More and more we are realising the value of birds in agriculture, to say nothing of their sentimental value and charm; and the way to guarantee that posterity shall have at least as rich a population, both in number of species and in individuals as we ourselves inherited is, in the face of rapidly extending towns and cities, to increase the number of places where these shy endangered creatures may set up homes and rear their little ones in peace.

## AN INTERESTING FIND

### Mammoth Near Shakespeare's House

A discovery is being followed up at Stratford-on-Avon which may result in the unearthing of a complete skeleton of a mastodon or mammoth.

Last autumn workmen were excavating on a building site at Stratford, and a stroke of one of the men's picks brought to light a heavy tusk, nearly a yard long. Its size was so remarkable that it was taken to several scientists, who declared it to be part of a prehistoric monster.

Subsequent borings have revealed the presence of giant bones, and there is probably a whole skeleton buried in the gravel.

The removal and preservation of the remains is being carried out by the curator of the Stratford museum. The work is by no means light, and has to be pursued slowly, and weeks must elapse before all the bones are brought to view.

## AN OCEAN MYSTERY Mighty Ruins on a Lonely Island

### VANISHED CIVILISATION OF THE PACIFIC

Japanese scientists have made a remarkable discovery in the Caroline Islands of the Pacific. They have discovered in the volcanic island of Ponape titanic architectural remains, and they say that the work was the work of Japanese of centuries ago.

Scholars in England, if not in Japan, knew that there were such remains in the Caroline group, but the achievements were never till now attributed to the Japanese.

The islands were discovered by the Portuguese nearly 400 years ago, taken in 1686 by the Spaniards, and sold by them in 1899 to the Germans, from whom the Japanese have now taken them over, under the Peace Treaty.

We have heard much of late of the mysterious gigantic sculptures of Easter Island, and the mystery is yet unsolved; but this puzzle of the Carolines is greater still. For the Japanese report that the architectural work on Ponape is of the most prodigious character.

### Walls Washed by the Sea

There is a castle there, they say, that must have taken thousands of men years to build in an age when there were no other stone buildings within hundreds of miles.

They tell us of ruins 1000 feet in length and 100 feet wide, within whose massive walls the sea ebbs and flows through what were once magnificent gardens. Without is the tropical jungle; within a veritable Venice of the Pacific.

This mystery will have to be cleared up. How came such tremendous works there? How did the islands derive what must have been a teeming population? Whence did those people acquire their art and what became of them?

We shall be anxious to hear more about the suggestion that the population was Japanese. That, at any rate, is an entirely new theory. And it is all highly romantic.

## WILL-O'-THE-WISP FIRM Professor's Amusing Blunder

Particulars have just been given to the world of a certain Government Department which, during the war, set out to teach us how to economise effort and produce results that must make victory certain.

The mayor of a town of 17,000 people wrote to the department, asking for the precious literature these officials issued, and was staggered to receive 12,000 pamphlets inscribed "Hints to speakers."

On his replying that such a number was excessive for a town where school-children and babies-in-arms were included in the 17,000 population, he at once received a further batch of 5000 pamphlets of the same kind.

But not all such mistakes were confined to our own country.

Lord Hartington has published a highly diverting story from Paris of a professor there who set himself to track down a great firm in Spain which, he said, was engaged in all sorts of operations tending to break the blockade and to smuggle things into Germany.

He tracked it in all manner of directions—supplying iron ore, submarines, and so on, everything tending to help our enemies and defeat the Allies.

He published the results of his investigations, and a method of checkmating this far-reaching enemy, in a pamphlet of 80 printed pages. E. Hijos was the name of the ruffian firm, and it was for E. Hijos that a great hue and cry was raised. Then one day the professor suddenly learned that E. Hijos was merely the Spanish for "and sons"!

The story sounds almost too good to be true, but we have Lord Hartington's word for it.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY INNKEEPER'S SON WHO BECAME AN EARL

Charles Darwin's Grandfather

### THE MOST WONDERFUL WRITER OF ALL TIME

April 17. Thomas Cromwell made Earl of Essex 1540  
18. Erasmus Darwin died at Derby . . . . . 1802  
19. Lord Beaconsfield died in London . . . . . 1881  
20. Oliver Cromwell dissolved Parliament . . . 1653  
21. Froebel born at Oberweissbach . . . . . 1782  
22. Immanuel Kant born at Königsberg . . . 1724  
23. Shakespeare died at Stratford-on-Avon . . 1616

### Thomas Cromwell

THOMAS CROMWELL, who reached the height of his ambition in April, 1540, when he was created Earl of Essex by Henry VIII, was beheaded in July of the same year. He was a member of the family that, later, produced the great Oliver Cromwell.

Thomas was the son of an innkeeper of Putney, and in his youth was a private soldier on the Continent. He became a sharp merchant, lawyer, and moneylender, and after his return made himself useful, first to Cardinal Wolsey, and then to King Henry, so that he was advanced to high office.

He followed Wolsey in seizing the wealth of the monasteries to enrich the king. For five or six years he was high in the king's favour, but was so unfortunate as to promote a marriage with a plain wife, Anne of Cleves, whom Henry disliked, and the king thereupon turned against him, and abandoned him to his enemies, who brought about his execution.

Thomas Cromwell was a selfish, ambitious, grasping, hard man, with one good quality, however—he was faithful to his friends.

### Erasmus Darwin

DR. ERASMUS DARWIN, who practised medicine in Lichfield, was the grandfather of Charles Darwin, the great student of nature, who convinced the thoughtful and learned throughout the world that the earth and all forms of life on it have developed through slow changes that make up the process called evolution.

The germ of thought that was developed by the grandson is to be found in the writings of his grandfather, though it was only vaguely expressed there.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin was a careful student of plant life in his eight acres of garden, and put his observation into his poem, *The Botanic Garden*, which once was widely read, but now seems very wordy and artificial verse. It is quite possible, however, that it helped to shape the studies of his grandson.

### William Shakespeare

THE 305 years that have passed since William Shakespeare died at his little native town of Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire have slowly led civilised mankind to feel that, of all the writings by a single person that exist in the world, his are the most wonderful.

The Bible, of course, is the most wonderful volume; but it is a whole library, bound together, written by many men over more than a thousand years. Shakespeare's writings are studies of the characters and lives of men, written, so far as all that is best in his plays is concerned, by one man in less than a quarter of a century.

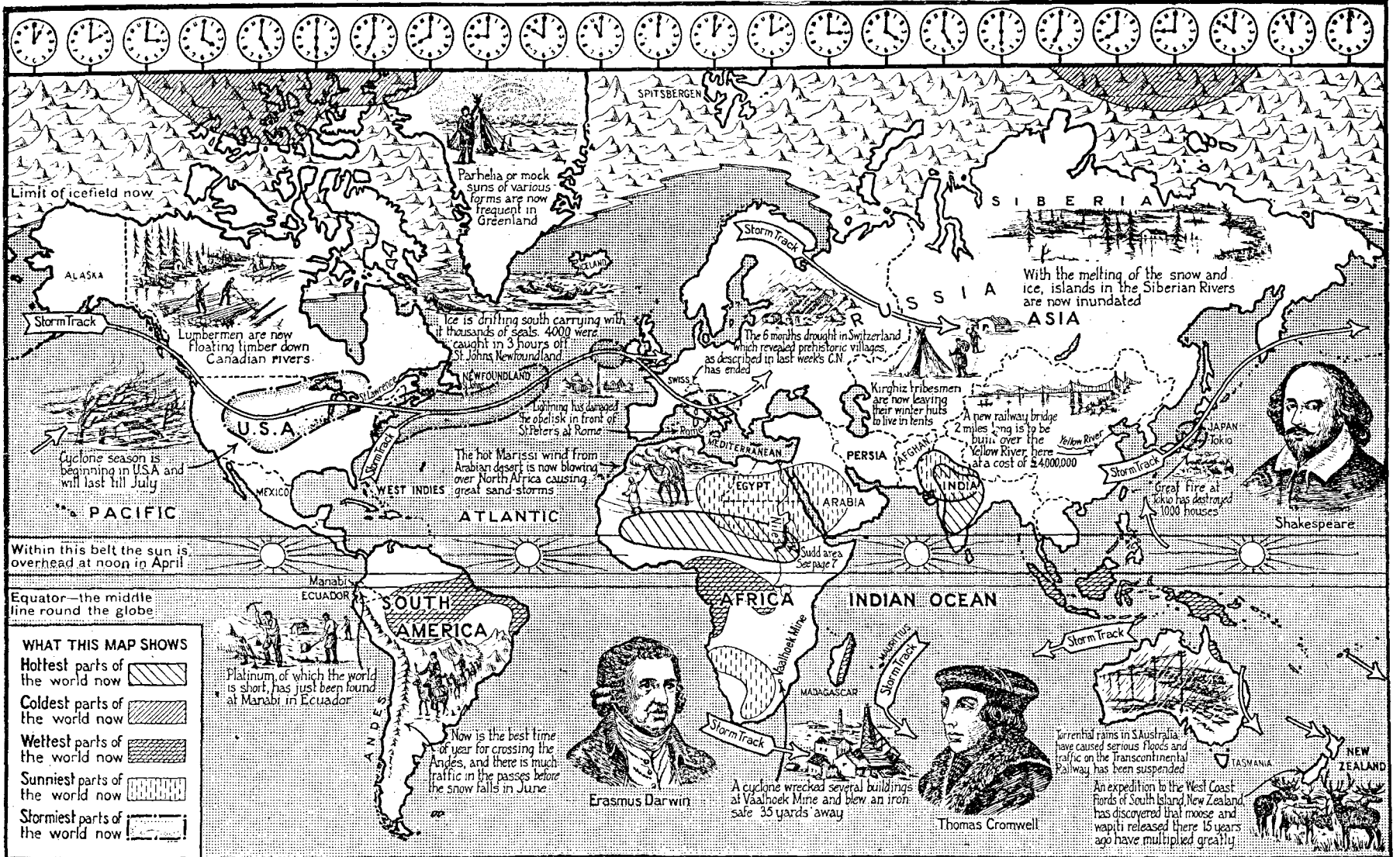
Yet they make a marvellous survey of many ages and countries, with a vast array of human characters, and they abound with high thought, profound and true, as well as with rarest beauty in expression. It has been said that his writings are all mankind's epitome, that he has pictured every kind of man.

Like all great art, the art of Shakespeare is more and more admired the more it is studied. Yet he began life as a simple country lad, and before he died was content to live retired in a simple country way.

Indeed, of Shakespeare himself we know but little beyond what we may infer from the greatness of his thoughts.



# PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING WEATHER EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A GREAT NATURE LOVER Author Who Understood the Music of Birds

All lovers of birds, the most graceful of living things, will hear with regret of the death, at the age of 83, of John Burroughs, the most charming writer on bird-life that has been born in America. John Burroughs ranked with such British observers of birds as Richard Jefferies in a past generation, and Mr. W. H. Hudson and Mr. Massingham, who are happily with us today. Like the two last-named, he was a special noticer of the quality of bird voices. Most of us can use our eyes on birds; but he had also a trained ear; and more birds can be known by their note than by their colour or flight. Such writers have the power not only of training our sight and hearing, so that we may gain a new sense of beauty in watching and listening to birds, but they open our hearts to delicate friendships with our neighbours of the air.

## WATCHING THE EMIGRANT Where Liverpool Lags Behind

We all think of Liverpool as one of our country's greatest ports for distant parts of the world, but the Canadian Chief Medical Officer for the immigrant traffic to Canada says Liverpool is behind the times in one respect. Canada will not admit emigrants who cannot pass a strict examination in health, but Liverpool lets them go abroad and make the voyage, though they will be rejected and sent back by the vessel which took them out. She has no proper accommodation for medical examinations. For care in preventing people crossing the sea uselessly as emigrants, the Canadian chief medical officer, Dr. Nadeau, places the six chief European ports for emigrants in this order: Havre, Naples, Genoa, Southampton, Antwerp, Liverpool. It seems to be time Liverpool looked to her laurels.

## A BATTLE OF GIANTS The Fight for the World's Chess Championship

Of all indoor games chess is the one that calls for the greatest skill before the player can rank as a master. Who is now the world's champion in chess? That question is being decided in Havana, the capital of Cuba, between Señor Capablanca, the young Cuban player, and Dr. Lasker, the veteran German player who has held the championship of the world for years. The conditions are that 24 games must be played. If both players play perfectly every game must be drawn, and that is how the first four games did end. Some lookers-on began to prophesy that that would be the ending of all the games. But perfect play in such a varied and difficult game as chess cannot be kept up for ever. Judgment is sure to fail sooner or later, and Dr. Lasker's judgment failed first. He lost the fifth game, and confidence that Señor Capablanca's brilliance would in the end overthrow Dr. Lasker's experience became general. The contest, watched by all the world, will stimulate everywhere the best of all quiet games. By the way, chess is now being allowed, as a privilege won by good conduct, in British prisons, and so the dreary life of the convicted criminal is relieved of some of its monotony; and habits of close application, that may have good after-effects, are quietly formed: Whoever learns to play chess well must be a stickler, and to be a stickler is to get far from being a criminal.

### POEMS FOR CHILDREN

Recitations for Children is a useful and attractive book of poems old and new, particularly suitable for reciting or reading aloud. The poems are of varying lengths, but nothing is so long that it cannot be memorised without much difficulty. Most of the favourite modern children's poets are represented. The book is published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., at 2s. net.

## GREAT RAILWAYS JOIN UP Amalgamation of Northern Lines

In every direction the tendency now is towards big businesses amalgamating and forming bigger businesses. Banks do it constantly. So do industrial and trading firms. And the turn of the great railways has come. The first two to be merged into one are likely to be the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire lines. Together they will form the second largest railway company in the United Kingdom, controlling 2614 miles of track. Only the Great Western exceeds them, with its 2775 miles. The Midland is third, with 2064 miles. The authorised capital of the newly united railways will amount to £213,055,847. The London and North-Western runs from south to north, London to Carlisle, through Birmingham, Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire; and the Lancashire and Yorkshire chiefly from west to east. Their routes interlock at so many points that they have worked together a good deal in the past.

## SAVING WASTED POWER New Idea on Swiss Mountains

Once more necessity has proved itself to be the mother of invention. A great need has led to new ways of doing things being found out in Switzerland. Swiss railways are run by electricity chiefly, and the electricity is made by water-power. But the season has been dry, and the streams have become so small and weak that there is a shortage of the electric energy derived from them. To meet this difficulty a Swiss engineer has invented a means of gathering up and conducting to the railway powerhouse the energy developed by trains as they run downhill. He has found that in running down a hill a train can produce one quarter as much fresh energy as it consumed in climbing up the hill.

## AN AIRSHIP AT ANCHOR Saving the Work of Hundreds of Men SAFETY IN A STORM

The services of a hundred or more men are no longer required to launch or haul in a huge airship, as was once the case. A mooring mast, such as that which has recently been installed at Pulham, enables two men to launch an airship. This huge mast, 100 feet high, built of steel lattice-work and firmly embedded in a concrete foundation, is further strengthened by several guys from the top and centre; and the method of attaching the huge airship is quite simple. At the base of the mast is a traction engine, to which a winding drum has been fitted. A steel cable passes from this up the inside of the tower to the crow's-nest at the top. A steel ladder leads up to this platform, and here a man drops a cable, with its coupling device, to the ground below. As the airship approaches, another steel cable with a coupling device is dropped from its nose to the ground. These two cables are hitched together, and the traction engine winds up the slack, so drawing the airship to the mast. The post to which the ship is attached is swivelled, so that no matter what direction the wind may be blowing from, the monster will ride head on to the wind in the same way as a ship at anchor rides in the water. R 33 has been moored in this fashion since February 2, and during this time many flights have been made, some in darkness, while on many occasions she has ridden at the mast-head in stormy winds of 50 miles an hour. Picture on page one

### Pronunciations in this Paper

Abacus . . . . .	Ab-a-kus
Antoine . . . . .	An-twahn
Leroy . . . . .	Ler-wah
Oberweissbach . . . . .	O-ber-vice-back



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 16 1921

## Self or Others?

WHEN a dispute in the great industrial world comes to an end we read in the papers that "the parties have arrived at a settlement."

We sometimes wonder, on these occasions, if this word is not used in the sense that builders employ it of a tumbling house. There seems to be a "settlement" in the house of industry.

Settlement is a fine and friendly word. How many of us have ever thought of its origin? It comes from an ancient word meaning a seat on which two can sit down in equal comfort. There are settles still to be seen in many of our old houses. The luxurious settee of the drawing-room is the evolution of the old settle that stood by the hearth with its back to all draughts.

When we say that a house has got a settlement in it, we mean that it is attempting to sit down, or, in a word more fit for such an unnatural proceeding on the part of a house, to subside.

Now we can all see that it will be a very good day for the peace and prosperity of everybody when our statesmen build a settle big enough for Capital and Labour to sit down together in equal comfort. We are not satisfied with some of these trade settlements. We do not feel that they provide sufficient elbow-room for a good understanding. Moreover, where they are now placed there is a distinct draught, felt equally by both parties.

Can we do anything to help? We can do the main part of the business. We can bring the best sort of wood, saw it up, put it together, and carry it to our statesmen. Their work is merely to ask the two parties to sit down.

All the materials of every settlement in the world are to be found in our hearts. We cannot erect the settle of peace until we have come to a settlement with our own moral nature. Are we really settled down in our hearts? Have we truly settled the great question of life, Self or Others?

Everyone who makes this inward settlement on the side of righteousness is helping to build the great settle of universal peace. To decide for self is to have the settlement of a jerry-built house in our own lives, and ultimate collapse is certain.

The unrest of the world is only an outward and visible sign of the unrest which exists in the hearts of all individuals who have not yet arrived at the great moral settlement. There is no peace without God, Who is the Author of Peace.

If you would sit at your ease in the House of Joy make that settlement, and you will be helping all the world.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The World Upside Down

THE war caused many hasty things to be done that seemed necessary for the moment, but proved, in some instances, to be absurdly wrong.

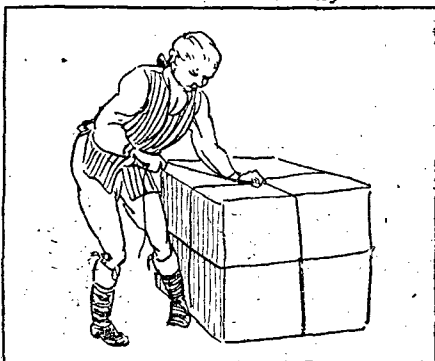
Here is one thing that was done which to the person concerned must look very much like turning the world upside down.

A Surrey lady had a house which she let for £30 a year. Now she has to pay £31 10s. for rates and taxes, and she cannot get possession of the house to live in. In short, she gets no advantage from the house, but loses £1 10s. each year through owning it; and she cannot even live in it, though it is called her own.

That is one effect of the laws made to meet the special conditions brought by the war.

The tenant pays for the house and gets the use of it. The owner gets neither money nor house, but is worse off for having a house. So strange are the entanglements wound round people by war-time laws.

## Proverb of the Day



To an Untidy Person:  
Safe Bind, Safe Find

## The Tables Turned

It has been said that there are really only about a dozen original jokes in the world, and all the rest are variations on them.

One of them is that wives learn cookery at the expense of their husbands' digestion; but Mr. Hoover, the world-famed American Food Controller during the war, turned the tables in favour of suffering mankind with a vengeance.

Mrs. Hoover, in a spirit of humility, has made a confession which really ought to put her high up on the list of heroines. She has revealed that her practical husband tried on her digestion every plan that he made for lessening and cheapening the people's food during the war.

If sugar ran short, she suffered the loss of her sugar for a month, to feel what it felt like before the supply to the public was docked. Her bread was the first to get a blacker tinge before the flour in common use was made more common; and she, first of all, registered on herself the effect of meatless days.

Mr. Hoover's experimental use of his patient wife has undermined for ever a very old, old joke.

## Where Britain Led

OUR American friends are so good in claiming to be first in the field with any useful change that it is unnecessary to help them to more credit than they earn.

This has been felt by several C.N. readers as they looked at the picture of an American letter-box on a tramcar, which appeared in our issue of March 19.

Two counter-claims come to us from Huddersfield. One of them says that about 25 years ago an American visiting Lancashire and Yorkshire towns and cities noted with admiration that Huddersfield had letter-boxes on its tramcars, and took the idea home.

Other enterprising northern centres of industry, as, for instance, Sheffield, long ago adopted the tramcar collection, specially for late letters.

As we strongly disbelieve in the British tendency to think things are done better abroad than at home, we herewith make the tramcar letter-box question clearer than the picture left it.

## Tip-Cat

A SCIENTIST claims to be able to measure emotions. He imagines they are all a matter of sighs.

A CONTEMPORARY insists that better coins are wanted. It would like to put the Government on its mettle.

"EVERYTHING is too short," complains a modern philosopher. Except, of course, some folks' faces.

MR. CHESTERTON declares that there is absolutely nothing you may not put into the modern novel. Some novelists even put nothing into it.

FOR the Army tailor: Military measures.

GERMANY, we are told, is like a broken bank. Yet it is still meeting checks.

MR. LLOYD

GEORGE considers "to love your neighbour is good business." But, of course, you musn't try to sell each other.

RUBBER-PAVED streets are to be given a trial in London. The authorities are determined we shall rub along somehow.

## Babel Up-to-Date

THE confusion of tongues, commonly dated back to Babel, is best seen today at the Government office in London where our enemies during the war appear to clear up their old personal debts.

There one urgent request faces the visitor, in fourteen different languages, beginning with French and finishing with Turkish, and what it says so earnestly is, Please close the door!

## The Buttercup

An agriculturist has set himself to denounce the buttercup, saying it should be got rid of on all well-farmed land.

MY indignation rises up  
In wrath no Christian words  
can utter

On learning that the buttercup  
Imparts a bitter bite to butter:

Did Chaucer swear the while he cut  
His pat "It's acid!" or John

Milton  
Grumble "I'm pained to find a  
but-

Tercup has got into this Stilton?"

O CHEMIST, spare this golden  
flower!

A thousand years, beyond all  
question,

Bright has it made the summer  
hour,

And scarcely caused one indi-  
gestion:

Besides, not only as we know

Nature for Little Mary caters,  
A rose is worth its place altho'

Not near so cookable as taters.

WHEN on his matutinal quests

The milkman makes his  
milkcans rattle,

Who wakes to think of dairy  
tests

And chemically-cultured cattle?  
Milk-oh! Milk-oh! Ah, with that  
cry

A lark wings up in circling  
praises,

While all about the bed we spy  
Winkings of buttercups and  
daisies.

## The Reason Why

By Our Country Girl

THE southern cone is up. The townsfolk look towards the coast-guard's flagstaff with dismay: we all know that the southern cone means bad weather.

And bad weather means that holiday makers won't take our lodgings, or buy our merchandise, or hire our traps—no wonder the townsfolk feel aggrieved.

It was so warm and radiant yesterday; corn was springing green on the cliff, dog violets and primroses were scattered under the hedges, and now they will all be well snubbed for their forwardness!

Well, well! Dearie me! What a surprising change! Everyone is shaking his head over it.

Suddenly a small, conscience-stricken voice comes from the floor, where our youngest is struggling with her goloshes.

"You don't fink it's because I broke the barometer, do you?"

## In the Evening of Life

If night should come and find me at  
my toil,

When all Life's day I had, though  
faintly, wrought,

And shallow furrows, cleft in stony soil,  
Were all my labour: shall I count  
it naught

If only one poor gleaner, weak of hand,  
Shall pick a scanty sheaf where I  
have sown?

"Nay, for of thee the Master doth  
demand

Thy work; the harvest rests with  
Him alone." JOHN MCCRAE



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO  
KNOW

If astronomers are  
educated at night  
schools



## KING LEAR'S CITY LEICESTER AND ITS INSPIRING STORY

Where Cardinal Wolsey Ended  
His Days

### A MEETING-PLACE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY

By a Leicestershire Man

No city in the British Islands has a more complete history than Leicester, or one of which its people may be more proud.

Its story goes back into dim legendary days if we accept the suggestion that it was founded by that king of romance Lear, whose tragic family tale was told by Shakespeare.

Anyway, it was a place of importance as early as the year 121, when it was a centre of Roman roads and influence. Its old name, Leiredeastre, means the camp on the Leire, as the River Soar was then called.

And ever since it has played in English history a part natural to its fine central position. When the Northmen or Danes poured into the country, Leicester was one of their border strongholds.

In Norman times it ranked as a city, and both the great building races, the Romans and the Normans, left behind them works that can still be traced in ruined walls or churches.

### Famous City of History

Its castle site, the walled defences, and the abbey of Black Canons, founded 778 years ago, have left fragmentary remains—the abbey, famous for ever as the place where Cardinal Wolsey came, after his downfall, to lay his bones. There he died, a lasting warning against a too proud ambition.

Every feature of the life of the Middle Ages is pictured in the story of Leicester. It was one of the earliest bishoprics. Simon de Montfort, the founder of parliaments, was its Earl; a parliament once met there, and in Leicester King Richard III was buried. At least four times Leicester was captured in war.

When wool was the great wealth of England it was the most famous inland centre of the trade, and it still retains a fine share of one branch of woollen fabrics—hosiery and underwear.

### In the Centre of England

From the first it owed much, and still owes much, to its fine position. It stands in the middle of the central plain of England, surrounded by fine pasture lands famed for their wool, their dairy produce, and cheese.

A few miles away rises the Charnwood plateau, topped by time-worn granite rocks, with coal-beds underlying its flanks. Coal was worked on the Charnwood slopes over 400 years ago, and now the mines may be counted by the dozen.

One of the first railways ever made was planned to bring Leicestershire coal to Leicester, and from Leicester, the home of the Cook family, the first excursion train was run in the days when a railway was a wonder.

### Home of Manufactures

Though Leicester is now a great manufacturing city, with a population of nearly a quarter of a million, or about fifteen times as great as it was in the year 1800, it remains still a country centre, with a market to which village carriers come from all the countryside around. Nowhere can you see town and country more naturally united.

But, of course, its chief modern importance is found in its accumulating manufactures. To hosiery it has added a great boot and shoe trade, engineering, iron works, and cotton and silk accompaniments of its woollen industry.

Also, Leicester has consistently kept in the front rank of modern towns with all forms of progress. Whenever public spirit and energy have discovered new methods of raising the general life of the people, Leicester has been one of the first centres to feel and respond to the impulse for a higher social well-being.

## THE TUNNEL THROUGH THE HILL

LONG ago—how long is an unsettled question, but perhaps a thousand years—there lived in Mexico and Central America a clever race called the Mayas, who built fine cities whose ruins have only recently been closely studied.

Now some attempts are being made to imitate the architecture of the people who had established a civilisation in the Western Continent before Columbus led the way there from Europe.

One of these attempts can be seen at Los Angeles, in California, where a museum, imitating Mayan architecture, has been built on a steep little hill, at a cost of £50,000. But the American public shirks climbing a stiff hill to a museum,

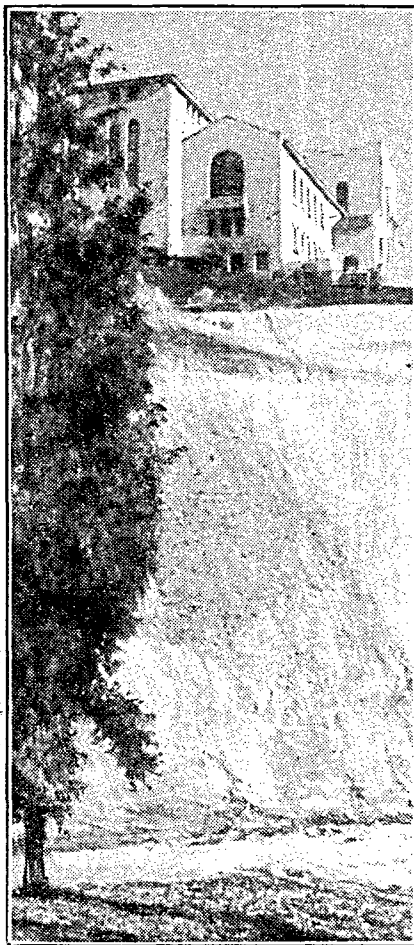
and the number of visitors has been very disappointing indeed.

So a lady, who is assistant-curator at the museum, and is interested in architecture and engineering, has planned an easy way up.

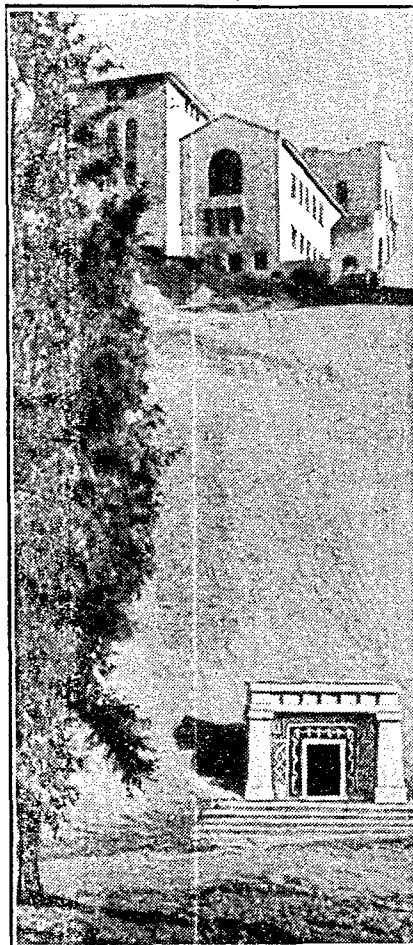
A tunnel, or subway, has been made into the hill at its foot, leading into a large chamber, and from the chamber the lift carries the visitors up to the museum.

The passages are ornamented after the Mayan style, and the entrance at the bottom of the hill is planned to be in keeping with the architecture of the museum and of the American cities of long ago, as may be seen in the pictures on this page.

## THE UNSEEN WAY UP THE CLIFF



A museum of ancient American civilisation at Los Angeles, California, is situated inaccessibly on a cliff, as shown in the left-hand picture; and a lady has designed a tunnel-lift through the cliff, with a copy of a Mexican temple for an entrance, as seen on the right. See above



## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

During the next few years all the telephone trunk lines in England will be placed underground.

### Misplaced Kindness

A man tried to stroke the emu at the London Zoo. He had to be taken to the hospital on an ambulance.

### The Return to Barter

A Lincoln firm of engineers was asked by Russia to supply a hand-press, the payment to be a case of eggs. The order was declined.

### The 73rd Boat Race

By winning the Boat Race this year Cambridge has now 33 successes to its credit as against Oxford's 39. There was a dead-heat in 1877.

### British Work Going to China

Owing to a strike of joiners in the shipbuilding trade a new ship for China had to leave without its woodwork. It will be fitted out by Chinamen when it arrives.

### Street Accidents in the United Kingdom

During 1920 there were 57,747 people killed or injured by street accidents in the United Kingdom. Liverpool has the worst record, and the Scilly Isles are safest—probably because there are no vehicles.

Mr. W. Carter of Wilden, Bedfordshire, celebrated his hundredth birthday recently by digging his potato patch.

### Noiseless Underground Trains

Papier-mâché tyres are to be fitted to the wheels of the Underground Railway trains in Paris to make them noiseless.

### Propping Up St. Paul's

Steel girders are being used to relieve the arches in St. Paul's Cathedral of some of the weight of the dome.

### New Houses for Jersey

Sir Jesse Boot has given £50,000 for the erection of workmen's houses on the island of Jersey, Lady Boot's birthplace.

### Rewards for Nature Study

The Editor of My Magazine is offering £200 in rewards to Nature lovers. On page 8 will be found fifty common objects of the countryside, and the rewards are for those who name the objects correctly.

### Sovereigns in a Pepper-Pot

The Prime Minister's brother bought an old rusty pepper-pot at an auction sale in Criccieth the other day, and when he took it home he found 16 sovereigns hidden inside, which he promptly returned to the auctioneer.

## CUTTING UP A FLOATING ISLAND THE GREAT SUDD IN THE NILE

Releasing an Imprisoned  
Crocodile

### FUEL FROM THE RIVER TO DRIVE THE STEAMERS

The heavy rains in the region of the great lakes of Africa which occur this month are beginning to carry down into the White Nile—the part south of Khartum—great floating masses of water weeds and plants. These are known as the sudd, and a very amazing work of nature it is. The country along the banks of the Upper Nile is an immense swamp in which grow vast masses of papyrus reed, the plant from which the earliest paper was made. Often the reeds grow 15 or 20 feet high.

During the storms of wind and rain, very frequent at this season, large quantities of papyrus are torn up by the roots and sent floating down the river with quantities of earth bound together by the roots.

### River Becomes a Swamp

As it travels it collects other plants and is reinforced by tree trunks and branches until enormous floating islands are formed, sometimes fifty miles long, as wide as the river, and 20 feet deep.

The flow of the river is impeded, and the water spreads out on either side until what was once a river becomes little more than a moving swamp.

There is no remedy but to cut up the sudd and drag it out of the river, and this is what is now done regularly every year under British direction. The floating weed is first set alight, and when all that will burn has been fired, the remainder is cut up into blocks about ten feet square and dragged out on to the banks with wire hawsers and chains.

### Nero's Centurions Stopped

A factory at Khartum dries the weed, reduces it to powder, and then presses it into bricklets to be used as fuel by the Nile steamers. Men of science are also busily at work trying to find some other use for the sudd. Only by the most strenuous exertion can the upper Nile be kept clear for navigation.

The sudd has been known for at least 2000 years. Nero sent two officers to explore the Nile, and they were stopped by this barrier of vegetation, and later explorers tell the same story.

The pressure of the water makes the mass so solid that men can walk on it, and even elephants have been seen to cross the river on the sudd.

Sir Samuel Baker, who in his journeys up the Nile on behalf of the Egyptian Government had to set hundreds of men to work cutting passages through the sudd for his steamers, tells how on one occasion the men suddenly came upon something struggling beneath their feet. When they had cut away some of the weeds, to their alarm they found that the moving object was a big crocodile imprisoned in the sudd.

### Crocodile for Dinner

"The black soldiers," he says, "armed with swords and bill-hooks, immediately attacked the crocodile, who, although freed from imprisonment, had not exactly fallen into the hands of the Royal Humane Society. He was quickly dispatched, and that evening his flesh gladdened the cooking pots of the Sudan regiment."

Even with hundreds of workers armed with sharp bill-hooks and sabres only 300 yards of sudd could be cut through in a day, and there were 50 miles in one continuous stretch. It was at Sir Samuel Baker's suggestion that the Egyptian Government began to clear the Upper Nile, but the advent of the Mahdi stopped it for some years.

Since 1900, however, the sudd is attacked regularly every year. Sudd comes from an Arabic word meaning obstacle or barrier. See *World Map*



## REWARDS FOR NATURE LOVERS

### £200 for Naming Objects of the Countryside

#### FINE OPPORTUNITY FOR OBSERVANT READERS

A first prize of £100, 50 prizes of £1, 50 prizes of 10s., and 100 prizes of 5s. each will be given to the readers who name most correctly these fifty common objects of the countryside.

Many of these objects you will know at a glance, and others you can find by keeping your eyes open as you walk in the country or the park, or by asking your friends or searching in nature books. Of course, no attempt has been made to draw the objects to a uniform scale of size.

Take a sheet of paper, write down the numbers 1 to 50, and then against each number put what you think is the name of the object with that number. Only one name may be given for each object.

Give the ordinary familiar English names, not the Latin scientific names, thus, Red Admiral Butterfly, not *Vanessa Atalanta*. Be definite; thus, do not say merely Bee, but Humble Bee.

When you have made your whole list of 50 as complete as possible, fill in the coupon which you will find on page 2a of the advertisement pages in My Magazine for May, pin it to your list, and post to Natural History Competition, My Magazine, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, to arrive not later than the first post on May 5.

Begin now to try to earn that £100 prize. If no one succeeds in naming the whole of the fifty objects correctly the £100 will go to the reader who comes nearest, and in the event of more than one being correct the Editor reserves the right to divide any or all of the prizes. No lists can be returned, no correspondence can be entered into, and the Editor's decision is final. The result will be published in the Children's Newspaper.

*Pictures on this page*

## FAMOUS BOWLER SPANKED

### Amusing Scene in a Cricket Pavilion

Here is an incident from "Plum" Warner's book "My Cricketing Life."

Mignon, the Middlesex fast bowler, sometimes used to lose his head when fielding, and on one occasion when Middlesex was playing Yorkshire two batsmen found themselves in the middle of the pitch with the ball in Mignon's hand.

All he had to do was to throw the ball quite gently to Albert Trott, who was bowling, and one of the batsmen would have been run out by at least six yards. Instead of that he threw the ball with all his might feet wide of the wicket, and it went to the boundary.

His comrades were all furious with him, and when, at the close of the day's play, he went back to the dressing-room, he was solemnly held down and given six spansks with a hair-brush, as hard as Albert Trott could lay on.

## USING UP THE WHALE

### Kid Gloves and Sausage-Skins

Just as the skins obtained from the internal parts of animals are used for making sausage skins, so those obtained from the whale are being used today for making "kid" gloves.

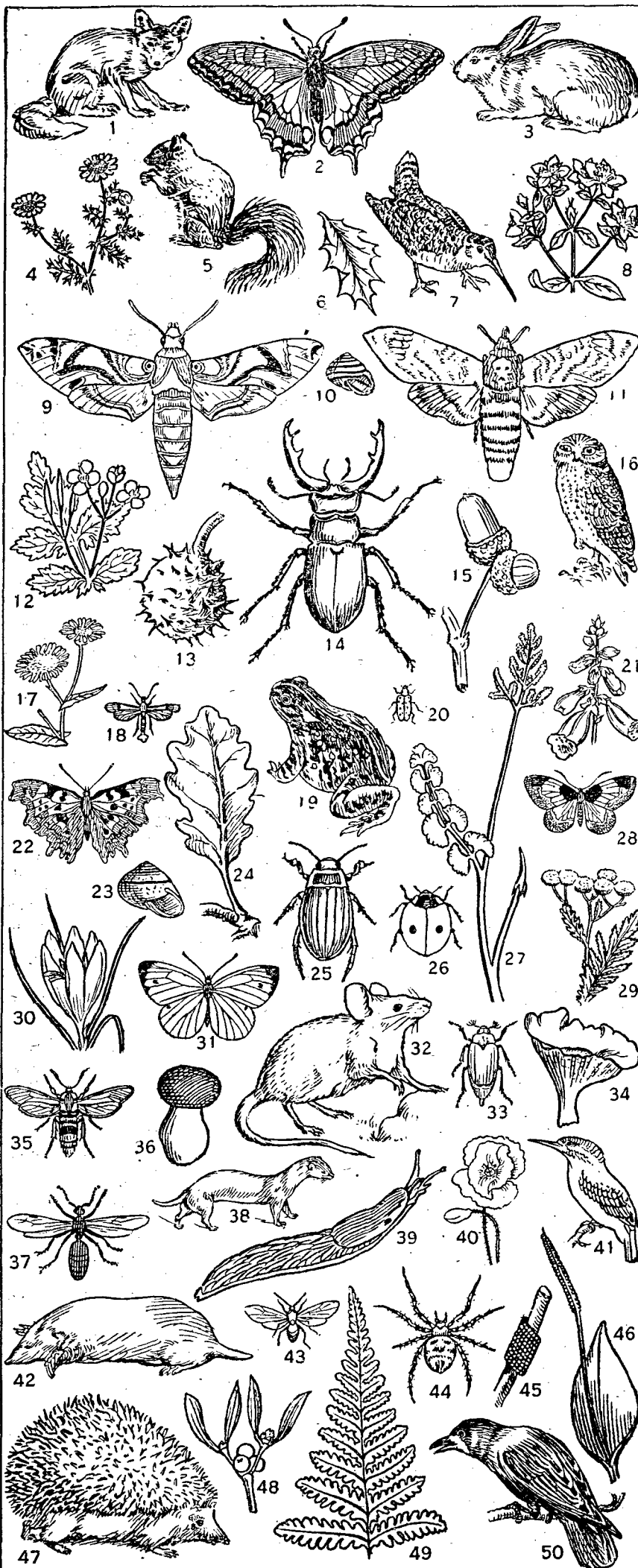
The whale's mouth is lined with a skin which, when tanned, gives excellent leather for the soles of shoes and boots, and the finer tissues obtained from its digestive organs have now been found to make a thoroughly reliable substitute for glove leather.

The lining of the whale's stomach is also being used today for making soft kid gloves, such as are manufactured with chamois leather.

## £200 FOR C.N. READERS

### A Great Natural History Examination

A first prize of £100 and 200 other prizes are offered by the Editor of My Magazine to readers of the C.N. who name most correctly the fifty common objects of the countryside shown below. Full particulars of the examination are given in the next column.



Here are fifty common objects of the countryside. Can you name them? The Editor of My Magazine offers £200 in prizes to readers who can say what these familiar natural objects are. See the next column

## CHILD'S TOY IN A BANK

### THE ABACUS USED FOR WORKING OUT ACCOUNTS

#### Simple Instrument Thousands of Years Old

#### HOW THE ROMANS USED TO COUNT

A case was mentioned in the grown-up papers the other day where, owing to a mistake in a sum, a large amount of public money had been paid away wrongfully.

Most banks and merchants' offices that are dealing with huge sums of money, and working out hundreds of sums every day, now use calculating machines, wonderful instruments that can be mastered in a few hours and that will do almost any sum you can set them.

Some time ago the writer of this article was in an office where the chief did not believe in calculating machines. In a sceptical mood he gave a long list of figures to the young girl who was demonstrating how the machine would save time, and asked her to add up the amounts.

#### Counting in the Nursery

With a few touches on the keys of the instrument she gave him the result in a moment or two. He could not be convinced till he had added up the figures himself by the old-fashioned method that she had really done the sum, but when he found what the machine could do he bought one immediately.

While calculating machines of an elaborate form are comparatively modern, and come mostly from America and France, there is one apparatus which has been used for counting and doing sums for thousands of years. This is the abacus, the framework of wires and beads that is found as a toy in every child's nursery, and is used in infant schools for teaching the elements of arithmetic in pleasant and simple form.

#### London Bankers Use an Abacus

It is not a toy, however, but is the regular calculating machine of the Far East. Smart American salesmen who have tried to sell their calculating machines in China have been amazed to find the Mongolian business man with his bead frame beat them in arithmetical speed trials.

What is perhaps most surprising is that these bead frames are used in the Eastern banks in the City of London. The abacus, though a British child's toy, is at the same time a very ingenious apparatus for working out all kinds of calculations, and those who use it in the counting house become very expert. It is indeed a strange sight to see staid and sober bank clerks in the greatest commercial city in the world seriously moving the beads backwards and forwards on an abacus in order to work out some sum involving thousands of pounds.

#### How Coins are Counted

The Romans used an abacus with two sets of seven rods. On each of the first set of rods were four beads, and the rods represented units, tens, hundreds, and so on. The other set of rods had only one bead each, and these represented fives in the units, tens, hundreds, and so on. By the aid of this apparatus calculating could be done up to millions.

The Chinese abacus used in banks, sometimes known as a swan-pan, is very much like the old Roman apparatus. The balls are of ivory or bone strung on rods of bamboo.

Another instrument is used in London banks and in the Mint for counting coins. It consists of a flat tray with hundreds of depressions, into each of which one coin exactly fits. Coins are then thrown on the tray and pushed about till every cavity contains one, and then it is known in a moment how many there are.

By repeating the process thousands can be counted in a very short time, and the apparatus also enables the coins to be examined easily for defects.



## THE WEEK IN NATURE

### Snakes & Lizards Appear YOUNGROOKS IN THE TREE-TOPS

By Our Country Correspondent

**April 17.** The rook is perhaps our best-known bird after the house-sparrow, for it is common throughout the British Islands, and makes its presence known both by its voice and by its appearance. Six weeks ago the rooks were building their nests, at the beginning of the month they laid their eggs, and now the young rooks have been hatched out in their lofty homes in the tree-tops.

**April 18.** The harmless and attractive grass snake is now to be seen on sunny days, and if it is caught and properly managed it will thrive well in captivity. The common lizard is another familiar and interesting reptile now appearing which is well worth keeping in the vivarium. It has the strange power when caught by the rear of snapping off its tail and leaving it in one's hand, while the creature itself scuttles away.

**April 19.** Blackbirds, missel and song thrushes, and our perky friend the robin, are all laying their eggs, and very soon we shall see the countryside filled with interesting and active families, the children learning to fly, and fortunate if they can do so before puss sees them.

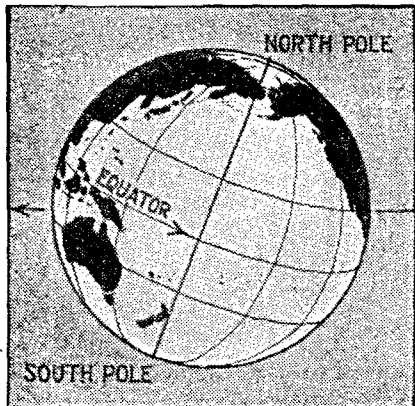
**April 20.** An interesting insect to watch for just now is the humble bee fly, its appearance clearly explaining its name. It is one of the long-mouthed flies, and on any warm spring day will appear as if by magic, plunge its proboscis into a flower while still on the wing, and then disappear suddenly.

**April 21.** The tadpoles are just being hatched, and very amusing and active little creatures they are. They attach themselves to the weeds in the water by their suckers and constantly change their positions, as though they were playing a game.

**April 22.** You cannot fail to notice the bubbling twitter of the nuthatch, which has been likened to the noise produced by throwing a stone across the frozen surface of a pond. In many a well-wooded district just now the sound is familiar. The blackcap, willow warbler, and red start have also joined the chorus of the countryside.

**April 23.** Larch is flowering now, and also the ash, with many of the smaller plants, like heartsease, cinquefoil, dog violet, and so on.

## THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



This is how the earth would appear to you at midnight on any day in April if you could see it through a telescope from the sun. Of course, the lines of latitude and longitude would not appear; they are put in to show the tilt

## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

During this month dry easterly winds often prevail, with cold nights, and under these circumstances watering should be done in the mornings.

Stir the surface of the ground among the crops whenever it can be done. Weed beds, and hoe and rake the alleys. Sow cauliflower for a late summer crop; and as the plants from former sowings become fit they should be planted out.

Sow celery for late crops; prick out under glass sufficient for the early crop, and give plenty of water. Tidy herbaceous borders, and do all transplanting.

## CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

### Story of a Sheep and a Brass Tube

#### THE OTHER FELLOW'S POINT OF VIEW

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

In Central South Africa I once bought a sheep for an empty brass cartridge case. You would probably think what a fool the owner of the sheep was to sell it so cheaply. I really believed that he considered that the boot was on the other foot, and that I was pretty simple to let him have a real brass cartridge case for one of his silly old sheep.

Circumstances alter cases so much—even cartridge cases!

This native owned many sheep for which, beyond their milk and very occasional mutton, there was no demand; whereas a brass cartridge-case was a thing he had seldom, if ever, seen before.

What a fine snuff-box it would make, corked up with a little plug of wood and worn through the hole in his ear! There he would have an ornament made of this brilliant metal, which he could wear for the rest of his life to the admiration of everybody, long after his present flock of sheep was dead and gone.

#### Two Points of View

What was one sheep to him? But this snuff-box would be a joy for ever.

So he would probably have been willing to give even two or three sheep for this cartridge case, and when I accepted the offer of only one he probably thought: "Well, here is a nice green sort of fool who will take a sheep in exchange for a real brass cartridge case," while I was thinking the same of him the other way round.

We neither of us looked at the question from the other fellow's point of view; if one of us had done so he might have made a better bargain of it. I might have seen his idea and might have got three sheep instead of one—or, similarly, he might have got half a dozen cartridge cases out of me!

That is the way, too, in business. The rich man or the selfish man pays what he thinks a thing is worth to him; the poor man or the business man considers first what the thing is worth to the other man and weighs that against what it is worth to himself, and bids accordingly.

#### A Camp Brush

Another little point cropped up when I was doing the sheep and cartridge case deal. Before handing over the cartridge case to the owner of the sheep I thought I would clean it out for him lest the remains of the burnt powder in it should give a bad flavour to the snuff.

So I cut a short twig and pounded the end of it between two stones until it was frayed out like a varnishing-brush or a camp tooth-brush, and with this I cleaned out the cartridge case.

I was amused afterwards to hear my friend explaining this to his family as a wonderful invention of the white man for cleaning out snuff-boxes! Well, of course, it was only the ordinary camp resourcefulness which every Scout uses when he has been a camper for a short time, but it struck these natives as wonderful because they were a very stupid lot without any wits of their own.

They could neither see the other fellow's point of view, nor could they invent what they wanted for themselves.

#### IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Louis XV period bureau . . .	£1575
Five panels of Mortlake tapestry . . .	£1052
Pair of Sheraton cabinets . . .	£840
A Chelsea dessert service . . .	£609
A panel of Flemish tapestry . . .	£315
Pair of blue Chinese vases . . .	£257
An old Worcester vase . . .	£252
A Chinese bowl . . .	£173
Victoria Cross and two medals . . .	£120
A set of Samoan stamps . . .	£76

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

### Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

#### How Can We Tell the Sex of an Egg?

Nobody can do this.

#### Why Does a Cock Crow?

The crowing of a cock is his challenge to other cocks. A song bird chants his defiance; a cockerel can only crow.

#### Is a Colt the Same as a Stallion?

A stallion is the male of the horse tribe. A colt is a young male of the same group. The young female is called a filly.

#### Can Dogs See in the Dark?

No animal can see in absolute darkness; but in what is darkness to us, the gloom of night in open spaces, dogs can see very well.

#### Why Has a Donkey a Cross on its Back?

What we call the cross is the natural pattern of the donkey's coat, as stripes are natural to zebra and tiger, and spots and rosettes to leopard and jaguar.

#### Why is the Mauve Crocus more Common?

Because, apparently, more mauve than yellow bulbs are planted. By asking for them a man could fill his garden with yellow crocuses if he desired.

#### Are Plants Killed by Worms?

No; earthworms enrich the soil and make it better for plants. They are entirely our friends in the borders, though they may occasionally disfigure lawn or path.

#### Do Frogs Fight at Spawning Time?

Frog battles do not involve "torn heads and throats" such as our correspondent describes. Frogs cannot hurt each other. The injuries described must have arisen from other causes.

#### What is the Shape of a Lark's Nest?

Placed under cover of a tuft in grass-land or of a clod of earth in a ploughed field, the lark's nest has a round interior and is composed of dry grass and moss, or coarse grass on the exterior, and lined with finer grass.

#### What is Vegetable Down?

Vegetable down is a sort of silky wool which surrounds the seeds of certain trees, grown in Asia and tropical America, called silk-cotton trees. The down, known as kapok, grows like cotton, but, being too short for spinning, is used for stuffing cushions and pillows.

#### What Are the Largest and Smallest British Birds?

The golden eagle is the largest; and the golden-crested wren shares with its relative the common wren the distinction of being the smallest British bird. The eagle is three feet in length, with a wing-span of four and a half feet, while the wrens are three and a half inches long.

#### Should a Hedgehog Thrive in a Back Yard?

The inquirer adds: "If well fed with worms." A back yard does not promise well unless there is shelter and seclusion by day, with a snug retreat for winter hibernation; and the hedgehog's appetite is hearty. Any fair-sized garden might serve. The back yard might be given a trial if a liberal diet is supplied.

#### Does a Dog Recognise Itself in a Mirror?

No; it imagines its reflection to be another dog and tries to reach it. Cats, monkeys, even birds, are deceived in the same way. Some are moved to anger, some to fear, some to attempts at friendship, but all to curiosity by the sight of themselves reflected by something that is beyond their understanding.

#### What is a Tree Wasp's Nest Made Of?

A kind of paper. The wasps were the very first paper-makers. They plane off material from palings and tree branches, chew it up into wood-pulp, and this hardens into the material of which the nest is made. This and many other ingenuities of the insect world are dealt with in a graphic illustrated article in the C.N. monthly for May—My Magazine—now lying on all bookstalls.

## WONDERS OF THE MOON

### HOW TO SEE THE MIGHTY CRATER

#### The Streaks of Mystery

### ARE THEY MADE OF GOLD?

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Moon will be supreme in the night sky, though rather low down, during the whole of next week.

Venus, who adorned our evenings for several months past, has now gone for this year. She draws level with the Earth and Sun on Friday next, April 22, when she passes almost between us and the Sun at a distance of about 26 million miles.

Thenceforth she speeds on in front of us, and in fifteen months she will again become prominent in the evening sky.

Another event occurs on Friday next. The Moon will be eclipsed, but as it can be seen only from the other side of our world, the eclipse is of little interest to us. Towards the end of the week the Moon happens to be at her nearest to the Earth, a little over 225,000 miles away, and, being also at the full, a good opportunity will occur of getting a peep at Tycho, one of her finest crater-plains, and its marvellous surroundings.

#### Crater 55 Miles Across

The accompanying picture of the Moon as seen with the naked eye shows where Tycho is located, the crater being in the centre of the bright area, which is quite visible to the naked eye under good conditions, but even low-power opera or field-glasses will reveal a wealth of detail, and even the crater itself.

It will be seen surrounded by a dark region, twenty to thirty miles wide, consisting of rough, broken country and small craters.

Tycho stands out with silvery whiteness when near full moon. Actually this crater-plain is about 55 miles across, so roughly it would extend from the Thames to Beachy Head; but how different would be the scenery if Tycho were there, instead of the Downs and green fields!

#### Terraces and Craters

We should see a steep wall of rugged and crumbling mountains enclosing a circular plain, and rising to the enormous height of three miles, or nearly 18,000 feet.

These mountains ascend in a series of terraces from the plain, which is covered with numerous small craters, many deep and dangerous, while exactly in the centre a steep mountain rises to a height of nearly 6000 feet.

Very wonderful are the great and mysterious streaks of bright material that radiate outwards from Tycho, across the Moon's surface, for hundreds of miles in every direction.

#### The Belts of Brightness

One extends for two thousand miles, the broad belts of material, 10 to 15 miles wide, reflecting the Sun's light like shining metal, and extending in a straight or slightly curved path over mountain, valley, and sea bed, across all obstacles, like Roman roads.

These radiating spokes of brightness can be seen under very favourable circumstances next week with the naked eye, and are more obvious with glasses.

They are most difficult to account for, the most plausible explanation being that some terrific force or strain, centred in Tycho, had burst open the Moon's crust in a series of radiating rents, and vast quantities of molten metallic substance had welled up from below and filled in the fissures, the material remaining bright owing to the absence of any oxidising atmosphere.

What if these miles and miles of shining light should be silver, gold, or some other precious metal?

G. F. M.



# A MESSAGE FROM SPACE

A Thrilling Story of Flying Adventures  
Telling How Mars Saved the Earth

Told by  
GEORGE  
GOODCHILD

## What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue

## CHAPTER 7

### Tom Sees the Airship

IN a big engineering works on the outskirts of London stood Tom Breckneck, with his mind wholly detached from the great world outside.

At that moment the great span of arched corrugated iron above him represented the limits of his universe. The huge "shop" hummed with machinery. Great lathes were in motion, and the shriek of steel splinters as they were ripped off their parent bars by finely-tempered turning tools was enough to burst one's ear drums.

Mixed with all these deeper noises was the ring of metal under hammers, and the noise and bustle inseparable from a busy hive of industry.

Six months had elapsed since Tom bade farewell to the old Devonshire garden, and, despite the lingering love for the things of his early youth, the interval seemed more like six days. For not one single hour passed but some new interest was added to his life. Under Uncle Bob he had learned the rudiments of lathe work, and not a little technical knowledge respecting rotary engines and dynamos.

The fascination of machinery dragged him into wild dreams of invention and discovery; but some of those dreams were not so wild as they might appear on the surface. Robert Breckneck saw that beneath them lay the unlimited aspirations of youth, but mixed with them was the unmistakable genius of the born engineer.

By this time Tom's appreciation for his uncle had developed into hero-worship. It seemed to Tom that his uncle was super-human, not only in his extraordinary capacity for work, but in his encyclopaedic knowledge of everything in the world of mechanics.

He encouraged Tom to ask questions, and Tom took full advantage of this invitation. His thirst for knowledge was unlimited, and the scope of his questioning so wide that even the skilled engineer found himself at times obliged to ask for time to consider.

He recognised in his young nephew a real genius for electrical apparatus, and urged him to specialise in this branch during his spare time. A glance at the boy's work-room in his uncle's house would have revealed to what extent he had acted upon this advice. Batteries and switches and coils of wire littered the room. The floor was one mass of filings and bits of metal.

But far from representing work to him, it was the most wonderful adventure into the unexplored realm of electrical energy.

He was now standing at a lathe, finishing the polishing of a beautiful piece of brass-work with which he had been entrusted, when Robert Breckneck came hurrying along the workshop.

"The engines have arrived," he said.

Tom stopped the lathe and looked up with the keenest interest.

"All of them?"

"Yes; six rotary engines, each developing 500 horse-power."

Tom's eyes shone with excitement. It meant that the airship was to run on 3000 horse-power.

Everything connected with the monster was marvellous. It filled him with a sense of pride to feel that he himself had contributed towards its construction. The very piece of brass before him was part of its steering gear.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"In the hangar, being fitted to the cars. We've tested them, and they run like live things."

"Then it means we are nearing completion?"

"Yes; in a month we'll be ready for our trial trip."

Tom sighed. For six months he had been aching to see the ship. He had dreamed of it. He had even gone secretly to the aerodrome, hoping to catch a glimpse of it, but always to find the doors of the vast shed closed. It was the wish of the owner, Lord Parry, that no details should be made public, and for that reason a close guard was kept.

"And now," said Uncle Robert, as though he read the boy's thoughts, "I've got a surprise for you. I am going to take you to see the ship."

"What?"

"Come along; I've got a motor-car outside. The draughtsman and inventor is coming with us."

In a few minutes Tom was sitting in the car, his heart throbbing wildly in glorious anticipation. They left the noisy works, and were soon in the neighbourhood of the aerodrome.

Tom found Mr. Henderson, the inventor, to be the most modest of men. It was easy to see that his whole heart was in the projected voyage of his vast creation, but his own part of the work he scarcely mentioned.

All his praises were for the Breckneck factory and the beautiful accuracy of the complicated machinery that Mr. Breckneck's men had turned out under his critical supervision. Tom learned with a clannish pride that his uncle had himself invented the entirely new steering gear with which the ship was equipped, and which was one of its outstanding innovations.

They reached the aerodrome, and Tom saw the huge hangar towering up like a cathedral. They stopped the car some distance away and alighted. Henderson looked at him with a whimsical smile.

"Excited, laddie?"

"Yes," breathed Tom.

"Ah, what a glorious thing to be a boy, with all the spirit of romance undimmed!"

But Tom was thinking what a wonderful thing to be a man and invent such things as that shed contained! He thought Henderson must be crazy to want to be a boy again.

They approached the hangar, and the man outside touched his hat as he recognised Henderson and Mr. Breckneck.

"His lordship is inside," he said.

The two men looked surprised.

"Is it Lord Parry?" asked Tom.

"Yes," replied his uncle. "He's the owner, you know."

"Is he an engineer?"

"No; but he's one of the finest sportsmen we've got."

They entered the hangar, and Tom stood spellbound.

Stretching above him was the gigantic envelope of the airship. The amazing bulk of it staggered him. It seemed to reach away into nothingness, and the men that worked on it and about it were like so many ants.

From its dizzy height hung rope ladders, while thick cables held it in position; for it was partly inflated. Underneath the vast envelope ran a kind of gallery, with windows, or portholes, all along. The gallery seemed to occupy half the length of the ship, and he saw that it would connect with the three gondolas when they were suspended.

Verily it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

"Well, and what do you think of

it?" asked Henderson, with obvious pride.

"It's—it's a dream ship," said Tom. "Now I know what Uncle Bob meant when he said ships had souls. It's almost as though you could feel it."

"You are right there, my boy," sighed Henderson. "I think it has stolen some of mine. And if anything should happen to it I—But there, one gets quite sentimental."

## CHAPTER 8

### The Dragon-Fly in Danger

THEY walked along, more of the massive structure coming into view as they approached the bows. At the end of the hangar a crowd of men were busy with the powerful engines, behind which were the three spacious cars. Standing near one of the cars, examining its intricate mechanism, was a tall, slim man of about fifty. He looked up as the trio approached.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated, shaking hands warmly. "I dropped in to see how things were going." He gazed at Tom.

"My nephew," explained Robert Breckneck.

Lord Parry put out his hand.

"A budding engineer, eh? I wonder if you'll be as clever as your uncle?"

"I—I don't think so, sir."

Breckneck chuckled.

"And how do you think the Dragon-Fly looks?" asked Parry.

"Is that its name?"

Lord Parry nodded.

"I christened it this morning. It's about time it had a name."

"It's just the right name!" said Tom excitedly. "It's just like a dragon-fly, all glittering, and fast and sure."

"It will certainly be fast; let us hope it will be sure. Australia is a long way."

Australia! Did he mean that the Dragon-Fly was going to fly to Australia? It seemed too fantastic. And yet why not? Airships had flown two and three thousand miles without a stop.

Australia was certainly a vast distance away, but then the Dragon-Fly was something greater than had ever yet been constructed in the way of airships. He turned to get confirmation of this fact from Mr. Breckneck, but his uncle was walking on with Lord Parry and Henderson, engaged in deep conversation.

Tom dawdled leisurely behind them, examining with intense interest a hundred accessories of the wonderful vessel. He felt he would like to linger here for ever, watching the busy mechanics fitting various parts together.



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Suddenly something happened. A clock struck twelve, and instantly every workman left his job and walked out. At first he thought it must be lunch-time, but immediately the jangle of irate voices from outside told him that there was some other reason.

The chief engineer of the aerodrome came running across.

"It's come!" he said, clenching his fists. "They've 'downed tools'—the whole lot of them."

Parry went pale with amazement and indignation.

"You mean they've struck?" he ejaculated.

"Yes."

"But what on earth for?"

"A fancied grievance. I sacked a man here last week for his intemperate habits, and agitators have been at work. They demand I shall reinstate him. They've given no notice of this. It was all arranged in secret for noon today."

"That's awkward," said Breckneck. "Those men are all highly trained. It is impossible to replace them. What's to be done?"

Lord Parry's eyes flashed determinedly.

"They'll have to come to reason," he said. "Much as I am interested in this adventure, I would rather scrap the whole vessel than take on that drunken ruffian again."

Scrap the ship! The mention of such a thing seemed sacrilege to the worshipping Tom.

"Will you talk to them, sir?" asked the engineer.

"Yes, certainly. There must be some common-sense among them. I'll go outside now."

The chief engineer shook his head.

"They're hot and excitable, and there's more than one of those agitating scoundrels hanging around to put their backs up. I'll get them to select a deputation. Will you see them at your house this evening?"

Lord Parry nodded.

"In the meantime, who is there you can rely on?"

"Very few, I'm afraid. There's Jenkins, Wilberforce, and Hope, plus myself. All the others are out."

"It isn't the men I'm afraid of; it's the professional strikemonger who might work on the minds of some of the weaker ones. Can you four manage to look after things until I've seen the deputation?"

"We'll take care of the ship—never fear, sir."

"Good. I don't want to call in the police. It would only irritate the men, and I want to settle this affair quickly and amicably. I'll do anything in reason, but I flatly refuse to reinstate a drunken scoundrel like Murphy."

It was certainly a day of excitement for Tom. In the evening his uncle left to go to Lord Parry's house with a view to helping in the hoped-for settlement. Tom's mind was full of the Dragon-Fly. For the first time he felt little desire to go to his private work-room at the top of the house. A couple of miles away there rested the thing of his dreams.

He walked to the window, and gazed pensively through it. A great cry escaped him. Just over the crest of the hill that hid the hangar from view, arose a great, leaping tongue of flame.

There was no mistaking its significance. In that direction there was no building of any kind but the hangar. It meant that the hangar was on fire, and inside was the Dragon-Fly, half filled with hydrogen.

His heart seemed to stand still; then with a leap he went down the stairs and rang up Lord Parry's house.

"The hangar's on fire! The hangar's on fire!" he gasped.

Without waiting for a reply he dashed into the garage and found his uncle's small car ready for running. What little he knew about it had been gleaned by watching his uncle at the wheel.

In a few minutes he was rushing madly down the road towards the increasing glare over the hill.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was She?

## The Lively Girl

THE little daughter of a clergyman in Hampshire was very fond of writing stories.

They were not very serious attempts, being full of fun and nonsense, but from those early beginnings she soon developed a real ability to write, and at twenty-one produced a novel which, though not published till several years later, has since become a great classic.

When she had written the story her father offered it to a publisher; but he refused it and returned it by the next post without so much as having looked at it. It seemed too ridiculous to him that a young girl of twenty-one could have written a story worth publishing.

However, she went on writing long stories; and at last one of these was sold to a publisher at Bath for £10. But he did not print it, and a year or two later was glad to sell it back for the same sum as he had given for it.

He little knew that meanwhile she had published several novels which had become very popular. One of these made a profit of £150—a large sum for those days—and when the young author heard this she said she could scarcely believe that such good fortune had come to her.

Of course, her friends knew that she was the author, but to the public they were anonymous till after her death.

She lived in various parts of the south of England, and then went to London to nurse her brother. While she was there the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV, heard of her, and sent one of his chaplains to say that she might dedicate her next novel to him.

The chaplain, a dull fellow, who seems to have been wonderfully impressed with the fact that he was serving a royal personage, suggested to the lady that she should write a romance dealing with "the august house of Coburg." In a very polite way she laughed at him.

Unfortunately, like many other clever writers, she developed consumption, but so far from this weakening her mental powers these seemed to increase as time went on. Even the day before her death, in July 1817, she wrote some verses full of fancy and vigour.

About her genius there is only one opinion. Lord Macaulay, who was no mean judge, said that he had no hesitation in placing her among the writers who have approached nearest to the model of Shakespeare, and called her a woman of whom England might be proud; while Sir Walter Scott declared her talent to be the most wonderful he had ever met.

Her remains were buried in Winchester Cathedral. Here is her portrait. Who was she?





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The Children's Newspaper

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# Let Us Go the Happy Way

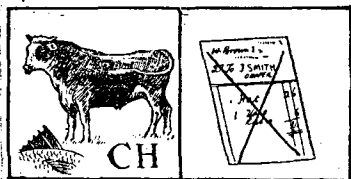


## DI MERRYMAN

"Do you know what it is to go before an audience?" asked a pompous actor of his friend.

"No," replied his truthful friend; "I spoke before an audience once, but most of it went before I did."

### What Birds Are These?



These pictures represent two well-known birds. Do you know what they are?

Answers next week

### The Travelling Stork

THERE once was an adjutant stork Who journeyed from London to York.

He arrived about three And had a high tea, Which he ate with a knife and a fork.

WHAT is the best thing to make in a hurry?

Haste.

### The Road Hog

"I SAY, you just missed that man!" gasped the countryman to his town friend, who was giving him a joy ride in a new forty horse-power car.

"I can't help it. I haven't the time to go back and try again," returned the City man as he put on top speed.

### Buried Proverb

Each line of this verse contains one word of a well-known proverb.

FAINT not should thee assail,  
Your heart keep always right,  
In danger never quake or quail,  
Strive till you've won the fight,  
And fair let all your dealings be,  
Show to a lady courtesy.

Can you read the proverb?

Answer next week

WHY is My Magazine like an empty matchbox?

Because it is matchless.

### Is Your Name Dunk?

THIS is a Dutch name, and comes from a word donker, meaning dark or obscure. No doubt the first of the Dunks was so-called because he had dark hair and complexion, or because he was secretive in his manner.



### The Escapades of Johnny Crock

JOHNNY CROCK, one sunny morn,  
Thought he'd have a sleep,  
And Mr. Rat and Mrs. Rat  
Came out to have a peep.

They jumped right up on Johnny's nose,  
His mouth he opened wide,  
And when again his mouth he shut,  
The rats were both inside,  
And out again they couldn't get,  
No matter how they tried.

### The Other Me

HE goes beside me in the sun;  
And he is dark, though I am fair;  
Both when I walk, and when I run,  
The other Me is always there.

I often tell him things I know,  
But not a word has he to say;  
Yet still he goes the roads I go,  
And likes to play the games I play.

He came once when the lamp was lit.  
I saw him dance across the floor,  
And jump into my bed, and sit.  
How queer! I never heard the door!

### And So He Did

HE dashed into the station just in time to see the train disappear.

"Did you wish to catch that train, sir?" asked the sleepy-looking porter.

"Oh, no! I merely wanted to chase it out of the station," the would-be passenger replied.

### The Wise Old Owl

A WISE old owl lived in an oak,  
The more he saw, the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke, the more he heard.  
Why can't we all be like that bird?

### A Mystery

MY half is three, my half it is nought;  
Therefore nothing is three, and three must be nought.

Now, reader, unriddle and explain,  
For riddle it is, what this object can be,  
How three can be nothing, and nothing be three;  
But if you will not it's nothing to me.

Solution next week

### What Are They Doing?



Can you say what these boys are doing?

Answers next week

### Camouflage

AN old man whose surname was White  
Had whiskers that grew in the night;  
They grew such a pace  
That they hid all his face,  
And he couldn't see when it was light.

THE bough of a tree blown by a terrific gale smashed a window.  
What did the window say?  
Tremendous!

### The Tax-Gatherer

"AND, pray, who are you?"  
Said the Violet blue  
To the Bee, with surprise  
At his wonderful size,  
In her eyeglass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,  
"Am a Treasury Bee,  
Collecting the tax,  
On honey and wax.  
Have you nothing for me?"

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Puzzle Sentence

To be tenacious in the midst of trifles is the mark of a mean understanding.

#### Playground Problem

They will meet in an hour, by which time Tom will have gone round the playground five times, Harry four times, Jim three times, and Bob twice.

#### Events in History

Newfoundland discovered, 1497.

## Jacko Calls on Belinda

WHEN Jacko strolled into the kitchen his mother was in the act of lifting a great jam sandwich out of the oven.

"I'm just in time!" remarked Jacko, grinning cheerfully.

"No, you aren't!" said his mother. "You had one yesterday. This is for Belinda. It's her birthday; I want you to take her a few things I'm going to pack up."

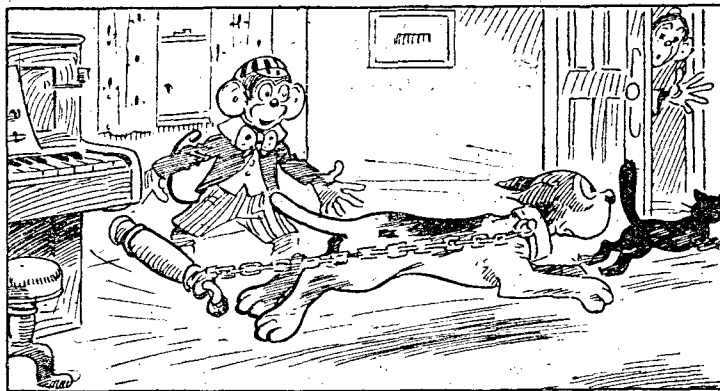
"Right-o!" said Jacko. "I'm ready. I can have a go at the new piano," he added, with a sly look at his mother.

"You'd better be careful what you're about," replied Mrs. Jacko, quickly. "That piano was only bought last week. And it cost a pretty penny, too."

All of which he knew quite well. He had heard the story of Belinda's piano and Belinda's extravagance till he was tired.

As soon as the birthday hamper was ready, Jacko set out.

But it was a long walk, and the day was warm, and presently



Crack! Snap! The dog was free

Jacko dumped the basket under a hedge and gave himself a little rest. As he squatted down beside it up came a big dog. The dog walked round the basket and sniffed at it with considerable interest.

"Here! You can come off that!" said Jacko.

He leaned forward to pull the basket nearer to him. And as he did so the dog leapt up, snatched his cap off his head, and ran away with it.

Jacko burst out laughing.

"You beggar!" he cried, scrambling to his feet. "Come back!" But the dog was enjoying his joke, and it was as much as Jacko could do to catch him.

By this time they were tremendous friends, and when at last Jacko went back for the basket and set off again the dog followed.

He followed him all the way to Belinda's house; and Jacko was so anxious to keep him till he came out again, that he looked round for something to tie him to.

While he was searching, the dog ran into the house.

"Come out!" cried Jacko. "You'll catch it if Belinda finds you!"

But the dog didn't care. He darted into the sitting-room and crouched down by the piano—the grand, new piano.

"All right!" said Jacko. "But mind you stop there!"

To make sure of him, Jacko pulled a chain out of his pocket, and tied him to the only thing handy—the piano-leg.

"Hallo, Belinda!" he shouted, wheeling round. "Where are you? Happy returns! I've brought you a spanking hamper!"

"Oh, you dear boy!" cried Belinda, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

"Meow! Meow!" cried somebody else. And in walked the cat.

The dog gave one look at it, growled, and sprang forward.

"Oh!" cried Belinda.

"Whoa!" cried Jacko.

Crack! Snap! The dog was free. And so was the piano-leg!

## Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: Fear Ye Not

29. Ne vend-on pas deux passe-reaux pour un sou? Cependant, il n'en tombe pas un à terre sans la volonté de votre Père.

30. Et même les cheveux de votre tête sont tous comptés.

31. Ne craignez donc point: vous valez plus que beaucoup de passereaux.

32. C'est pourquoi, quiconque me confessera devant les hommes, je le confesserai aussi devant mon Père qui est dans les cieux;

33. Mais quiconque me reniera devant les hommes, je le renierai aussi devant mon Père qui est dans les cieux. St. Matthew 10

## Notes and Queries

What Does T.Y.C. Mean? Thames Yacht Club.

What does Catching a Tartar mean? Meeting one's match. It is said to have originated through an Irish soldier during a war with the Turks seizing one and calling out, "I have caught a Tartar," a Tartar being regarded as very fierce. "Bring him!" called the officer. "I cannot!" cried the soldier. "Then come yourself!" "He won't let me!" was the reply.

What are Invisible Exports? The gross earnings of our shipping and the income from investments abroad.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Jampots

FERDIE loved fishing; and when he had a net on a long stick given to him he ran off with it that very minute to the pond.

There were only a few minnows and sticklebacks in it, but he caught quite a lot of them and carried them home very proudly in his little stone bottle.

But the next day when he went to look for the bottle he couldn't find it.

He thought he had left it in the kitchen, and that is where he went.

Mrs. Symonds, who had come in to help while the maid was having a holiday, didn't like little boys in the kitchen, and asked him crossly what he wanted.

"My jar—with the fishes in," Ferdie told her. "I thought I left it on the table."

"There are no jars here," replied Mrs. Symonds.

"There are a lot over there," said Ferdie, pointing to the dresser.

"They've got jam in," said Mrs. Symonds. "Your mother filled them yesterday and I tied the covers on."

"Oh!" said Ferdie; and as there seemed nothing more to be said he went out.

That afternoon the boy next door came to tea, and Ferdie, who remembered the row of jampots he had seen on the kitchen dresser, asked if they



He caught quite a lot

could have some of the nice new jam.

"Can I fetch a jar?" said Ferdie. "I know where they are."

His mother smiled and nodded, and Ferdie ran off.

He picked up the first jar he saw and took it to the dining-room.

But when he pulled the cover off he gave a squeal of excitement.

Inside, instead of the jam he expected to find, were six little fishes!

"How ever did they get in there?" cried his mother.

Ferdie knew, and when he told them, how they all laughed!

"It's Mrs. Symonds!" said his mother. "She's terribly near-sighted."



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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 16, 1921

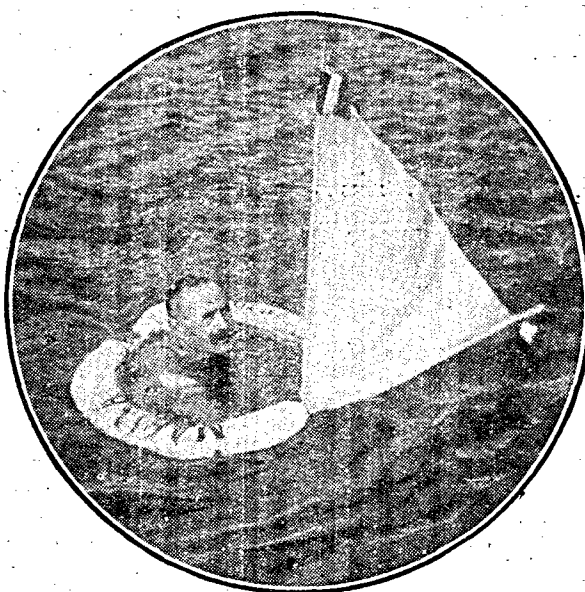
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## BEAR'S GOOD CATCH • JUMPING FROM THE CLOUDS • MILKMAIDS AT SCHOOL



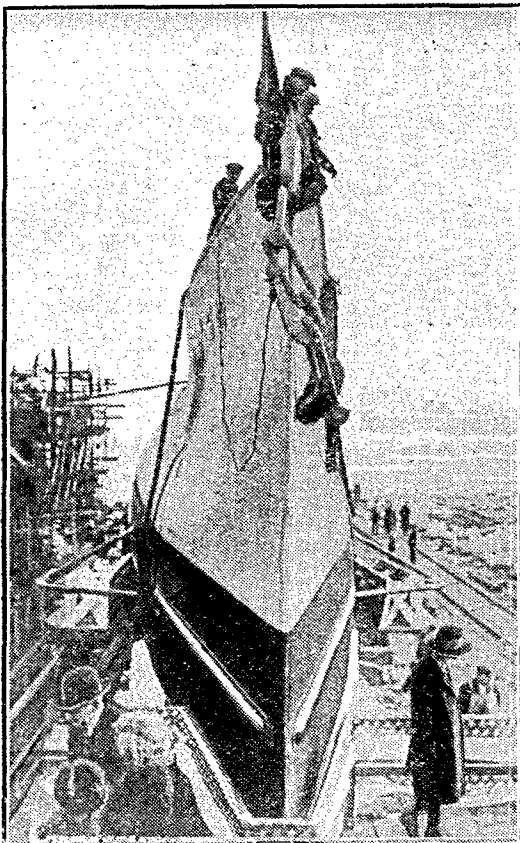
**At School on a Mountain**—The boys of a Bristol school are given practical lessons in adventure, and here we see them enjoying an afternoon of mountaineering on a Somerset tor



**Power-Driven Lifebelt**—This lifebelt, invented by a Frenchman, Monsieur Marcocelli, is fitted with a hand-driven screw propeller and a sail



**The Youngest Member of the Club**—Little Miss Xandra Lee, aged three and a half, who is the youngest member of the Biarritz Golf Club



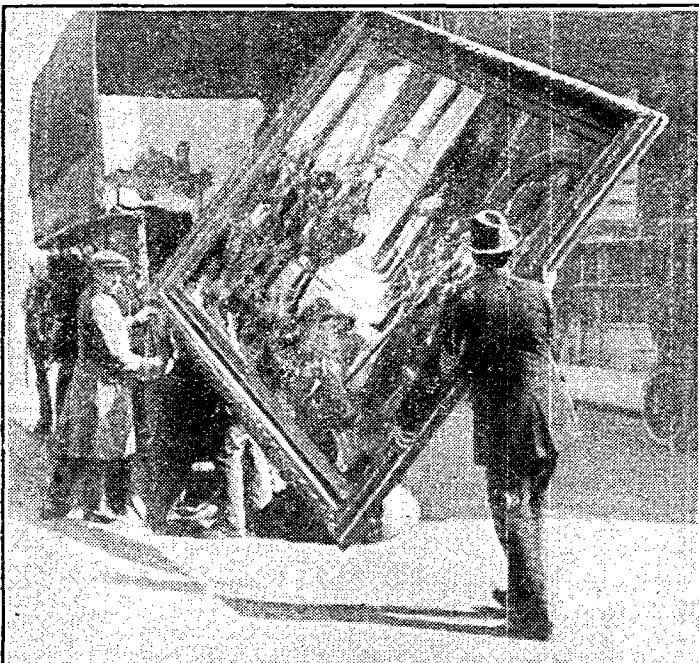
**A Novel View of a Submarine**—This is an end view of America's latest submarine, which has just been launched at Bridgeport, U.S.A. She has a double hull and five torpedo tubes, and is 240 feet long



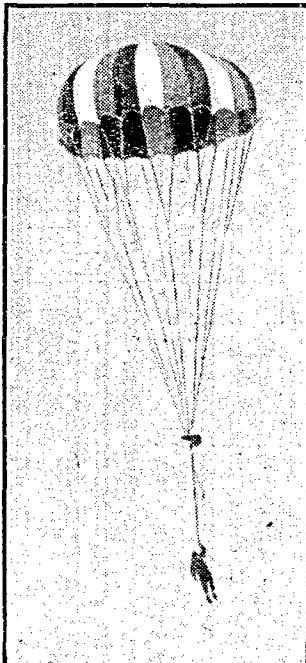
**A Good Catch**—The bear at the Zoo must know that the cricket season is approaching, for he has been practising a good deal of late, and has made some very good catches of buns thrown by the visitors



**Getting Ready for the Summer**—The straw-hat makers are busy preparing for the coming sunny weather, and here we see an ex-service employee of a Luton factory dipping the hats into the solution which stiffens them



**An Arrival at the Academy**—Many pictures have been arriving at Burlington House, in London, in readiness for the Royal Academy exhibition, which will open there shortly, and here we see a large painting about to be carried into the building from the van which has brought it



**A Fine Parachute Descent**—A woman aeronaut drops from the clouds. Many parachute records have recently been made. See page 1



**Milkmaids at School**—Some of the girls at the farmhouse school now being conducted by Miss Isabel Fry near Wendover. The pupils combine lessons in the classroom with work on the farm and open-air recreation. Each scholar has her own particular animal to care for. See page 3